# THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1861. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 10.

## THE VOICE OF SADNESS STILL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

The winds upon the tree top sing;
In jubilant reponse the bird
From yonder budding bowers is heard—
Ecstatic poet of the Spring!

II.

The Heavens are in a joyous glow;
And but one cloud is stooping there;
Even it is weaving from the air
Sweet pictures on the lake below.

III.

A song seems trembling up from Earth,
A song so glad, so wild, yet deep,
I dream its cadences might sweep
From some young god at radiant birth.

IV.

But, sadly, sadly through the whole
Is interwined a long, long moan,
A lingering, awful monotone,
As if from some unblessed soul.

V.

It is thy long, long moan, Oh Sea!
Thy voice of utter sadness still!—
Ah, thus forevermore *some* ill;
Trembles through our Humanity!

## SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

## THE HEIRS OF GHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

### TREACHERY UNMASKED.

Owen Murdock and his son had triumphed. By foulest treachery, and with aid of noxious drugs, they had transported Lorinda from her home to an old castle-like building on the Firth of Solway, at almost the extreme northwest point of England. This dreary habitation was owned by a wrecker and smuggler named Saul Wormley, who reigned supreme on that part of the coast, and with whom Owen Murdock seemed to have such relations, as made Gerald wonder what kind of life his father hadled in his early manhood. Lorinda had a stern but kind-hearted old woman to wait upon her, named Phœbe Larkin, who attended to all her wants, but would give her no information whatever.

The next day after her arrival, Owen Murdock called upon her, and in stern and heart-freezing tones informed her where she was, and why she had been brought there, hinted at the provisions of Sir Edward's will, showed her his powers as guardian under the broad seal of the chancellor, and plainly told her that she must leave that place as Gerald's wife—adding, with fiendish heartlessness, that after the wedding knot had been securely tied, it mattered not where she went or how soon she died, as Cheswold and Farworth would then both be secure.

Lorinda saw it all; she saw, too, that Owen Murdock meant what he said. But instead of sinking under the terrible revelation, her courage rose to a pitch sufficient to meet all the exigencies of the occasion.

She was the weak, shrinking girl no more. A burden less fearful might have overpowered her; but this, coming with such terrible force, had awakened within her, by the touch of its own horror, the powers for its repulsion. With keen energy she bent her mind to the work she had before her, ever and anon lifting her voice in prayer to Him who can hear the prisoner's cry.

At noon Phœbe Larkin came with the prisoner's dinner. Lorinda vainly tried to influence her in her favor; but the old dame was inexorable.

Perhaps, had the helpless prisoner known that Kildiel Cliff was but a few miles from Saul Wormley's, and that Elroy Clifton and John Darwood had there taken refuge with their old friend McDougal, she would have been stimulated with sanguine hopes of relief. These facts, however, she had no means of knowing; but she had made up her mind to escape from that place if the thing were possible. She knew very well that she had hope in no other direction. If she remained in that chamber another day her fate might be sealed. And how should she escape? Physical force would avail her nothing, for she could not thus overcome the bars or bolts. She had a plan, and when the shades of evening began to fall she commenced her work.

Now the situation of things in that chamber was thus: The door was near to one corner; while the two grated windows were upon the side directly opposite. The head of the bed stood against the wall, close by, and upon the same side with, the door; so that one of the windows was over against the door, and the other against the foot of the bed. Lorinda took off the coverlet, and tore it up into strips, and having knotted them together, she went to the window nearest the bed, and made one end fast to the iron bars. When the night had fairly come, she pushed the knotted rope out to the breeze, and then crawled under the bed, getting as near to the wall as possilbe.

By and by Phœbe Larkin came with the supper, which she brought in a wooden tray. She set it down upon the table, and then spoke:

"Eh!" she uttered, receiving no reply. "Asleep again. What!—aint she here? Hallo!—my lady! Where are ye? Ha!—what's this? Bless my soul! She's gone out by this window! Here's the coverlet all torn to strips, and she gone down on it! Goodness mercy! her body couldn't have been so small as that! A baby couldn't have been got through here!"

Lorinda stopped to hear no more. As soon as she saw that the woman's attention was fixed upon the window and its strange appendage, she slipped noiselessly out from beneath the bed, and glided swiftly by the door, and through the ante-room. The door beyond was open, as she had expected to find it, and as she passed this she found herself in a dark passage; but she did not stop to think, for thinking could avail her nothing there. Trusting to her fate, and praying that it might be kind, she groped her way along until finally she saw a glimmer ahead. It was from a window, which was very near a flight of descending stairs. Down these she went—into a narrow hall—a door to the left, which she opened—into a large room, with guns and pikes and pistols upon the walls—on to another door—out into a small entry—down a few stone steps—a turn to the right—and she was in the open air. Across an old court, stumbling over stones and rubbish, but still hurrying on—clambering over a mass of chaotic masonry—down among bushes and briars—up and on again—on, on—and a path opened before her. She stopped now to take breath, and to collect her thoughts; for thus far she had gone without thought, rushing almost blindly on, trusting the hand of the Unseen to guide her. She looked back, and she could see the walls of the old house against the starry sky. Aye, and she could hear voices, too—voices of alarm and of command. Her absence had been discovered, and of course she would be pursued. Hark! there were steps approaching; and she crept beneath the bushes and hid. But these were not pursuers. They came from the opposite way, and were going towards the house.

"O, 'tis a real priest I have engaged, and no sham,—a poor wretch, who preaches to the wreckers and pirates, and prays at their bidding. He will do any work in his line for money."

So spoke a voice which came certainly from the lips of Owen Murdock. And the voice which made reply was from Gerald.

"'Twill be a merry wedding, and a quick one. We'll have it done with before another noon."

"Aye—as soon after daylight to-morrow as may be. It is best to strike while the iron is hot. There is danger in delay."

What more they said Lorinda could not hear, for they had passed on beyond the reach of her ear. She stepped forth into the path again, with a fervent "God help me!" upon her lips, and hurried on away from the house where she had been imprisoned. Whither she went she knew not. The stars gave her light enough to reveal the trodden path, but no more. But she was going farther and farther from the villains who would crush her, and that was something. And that she might, ere long, find an open road; and, perhaps, a house. O, there might be friends somewhere.

Hark, again! This time the steps came over the course she had trodden. They came quick and eager, as though in the heat of pursuit. Beneath the first shelter, a mass of tangled vines, the fugitive hides herself, and the pursuers come on. They are two men, with rough, strange voices; and they stop near the maiden's place of concealment, and gaze carefully around.

"I don't believe it," said one of them. "She never got out atween them bars in the world."

"It don't seem possible to me," returned the other. "But, if she didn't get out there, how did she get out. That's what I want to know. I don't believe old Phœbe 'd let her out, anyhow."

"In course she wouldn't. But she's gone. And the next question is, has she hid, or has she run off?"

"She's run; I'll lay my life on that. So let's poke on. We get ten golden guineas if we find her."

"Aye—but I'm afeared she didn't come this way. Them as has took to the shore'll be most likely to find her."

When the men had gone, and she could hear their footsteps no more, Lorinda came forth again, and hurried on as before. She had considered the matter while the pursuers had been talking, and had made up her mind that it would be better for her to follow on after them, rather than to turn back.

On, on, for a weary hour—through darkness and gloom—with no widening of the path, with no house in sight—on, through woods and over barren spots—footsore and tired, but still prayerfully, earnestly on. At length a hill is at hand—a gentle eminence—and from the top of this she sees, just down upon the other side, a guide-post. She knows what it is, for it is painted white, and is not far off. There must be a road there, and she hurries down. Aye—a road it is—a broad, travelled road, with the ruts of carriages, as she can see in the dim starlight. But she cannot read the directions upon the board. It is too high up, and only an indistinguishable maze of black letters appears through the deep gloom. She turns from the post, and a quick cry of alarm breaks from her lips. She sees, standing close by her, as though they had arisen out of the earth, two men—rough-looking men, habited in the garbs of fishermen. They speak, and she recognizes the voices of those who had pursued her from her prison.

"Aha, my lady. This is you, I take it!"

Lorinda started to flee, but a heavy hand was upon her.

"No, no. None o' that. You must go back with us!"

"Easy! Hush! There's something coming!" said his companion.

The men both listened, and footsteps were heard upon the road, not far off, and presently the hum of voices also broke upon the air.

"Let's be off, Jem. It isn't any of our folks. Come, Miss, hurry up."

Now it so happened that Lorinda had entertained an idea of her own in connection with the approaching footsteps, and with all her power, she cried out—

"Help! Help!"

The captors swore, and tried to stop her mouth, but before they could do so, she had repeated the cry. Still they finally succeeded in silencing her, and started to hurry her, by the narrow path, up over the little hill. But ere they had gone many steps, being impeded somewhat by the struggles of their captive, the voice of a coming man sounded very near to them, demanding what was wanted.

With a violent effort Lorinda slipped her mouth once more free, and cried again for help.

A man sprang lightly up the hill, and the villains, when they knew that he was near, let go their captive, and turned to confront him.

"Help! Help! Help!" broke from the maiden's lips, in piercing accents.

"Ho, cowardly dogs! Do you maltreat defenceless women!"

"At him, Jem! Here comes another one! Shoot 'em both if they trouble us!"

A second man had followed the first up the hill, and the two were just in season to meet the rascals as they turned. There was a conflict—sharp and severe, but quickly terminated—and Lorinda saw her captors felled to the earth, and in a moment more she had rested her head upon Elroy Clifton's bosom. Weak and quivering she clung to him, as clings hope to its fondest object, while with her lips she thanked God that she had been saved.

While the youth was supporting the maiden, Darwood, with a pistol in each hand, turned upon the villains, who had risen to their feet.

"Who are you?" he demanded, in no very gentle tones, "that thus make war upon a poor, defenceless girl!"

"It don't make no odds who we be," replied one of the rascals, after he had evidently satisfied himself that he and his companion had been so far overcome that resistance would be dangerous to them. "I don't know who you be, but ye're treadin' on dangerous ground."

"Who are these fellows?" Elroy asked of Lorinda.

"They are but tools in the hands of a master. Let us hurry away. Let them go."

There was no need of driving the fellows away, for they started of their own accord; and our hero drew the maiden's arm through his own, and hurried down into the road.

"Have you no hood, no bonnet, no cloak?" he asked. "Are you so utterly defenceless?"

"I am not cold," she replied. "If there is shelter, let us find it."

"There is shelter, dear lady, but it is at some distance."

"Oh, I care not for that. I can walk. I am strong. Only let me feel that I am safe."

"Safe!" repeated Elroy, as though the thought vibrated upon every nerve in his system. "While I have life, thou shalt have protection. But—here—let me throw this coat over you. There—you will be more comfortable now."

It was some time before the emotions consequent upon the strange and startling adventure could be so controlled as to admit of calm conversation; but as they walked steadily on, their thoughts gradually assumed a practical turn, and Darwood, who supported the lady upon one side, asked her what was the meaning of this most wonderful occurrence.

And Lorinda told them the story—told all, from her going to Cheswold with Owen Murdock, to her arrival at the old house of Saul Wormley. Elroy asked her no questions, and made but few remarks. He seemed busy with his own reflections. But still, what few words he did utter betrayed more depth of feeling than much speech could have shown.

Finally they arrived at McDougal's cot, where the maiden was placed under the care of the kind dame, McDougal himself being absent for a day or two. Darwood told so much of the story as he thought was necessary, and then he left the females together. He knew that the orphan was in tender hands.

When the two men met beneath the porch, after Dame McDougal had taken her charge, the question naturally arose—What was to be done?

"This Saul Wormley is a chieftain in these parts," said Darwood, "and if Murdock has him fixed in his interest, it may not be well that Miss Verbrook's whereabouts should be known to him."

"Do you think they would attempt to take her away by force?" asked Elroy.

"Yes, I believe they would. If Wormley makes it his plan to carry her back to his house, he will do it if he can find her."

"But they will have to overcome us first," said the youth.

"Aye—and that can be easily done if they find us. Saul Wormley is master on this coast, and I doubt if even Jack McDougal would dare to oppose him."

"Well," replied Elroy, after some reflection, "we must let the matter rest where it is for to-night. In the morning we will consult the lady, and be governed by her wishes. If necessary, we can leave this place at once. If there is danger to be apprehended from a passage through the country, we can take to the water, and run up to Carlisle."

"At all events," added Darwood, with much decision, "we are pledged to her welfare, let what will come."

Elroy grasped his hand in token of his part in the pledge; and they then sought their rest for the night.

In the morning our hero arose, and walked out alone upon the sea-shore. He came in to breakfast, and then walked out again; Darwood saw that he had a mind to commune with himself, and he did not trouble him. Towards the middle of the forenoon Dame McDougal came out and informed him that the lady wished to see him.

"She didn't ask for you till a little while ago," the woman said. "She hasn't asked for anybody before. She's been all alone by herself most of the time, walking up and down the floor, and leaning over the table, talking most all the time. O, she's the dearest, sweetest lady I ever saw. I think she wants to see you very much."

With a strangely beating heart Elroy went to the house, and entered the room where Lorinda Verbrook was. From over their interview we will not lift the vail. At its close, the bright sunbeams streamed in upon them, with golden smiles of promise, as they rested in that first happy embrace of soul-abiding love. With all the trust of a confiding child did Lorinda pillow her head upon Elroy Clifton's bosom; and he, as he wound his stout arms about her, and raised his streaming eyes to heaven, solemnly pledged himself that he would never fail to honor and cherish, in the utmost depths of his heart, the sacred trust which she had reposed in him.

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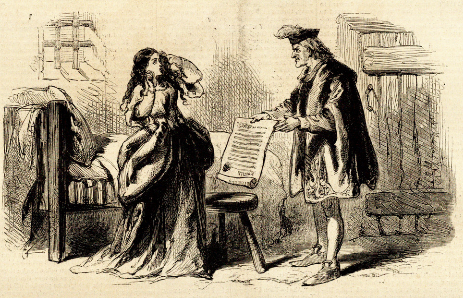

GUARDIAN AND WARD.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

### AN HOUR OF AGONY.

John Darwood stood with his hand upon Lorinda Verbrook's head; and as he gazed into her sweet face the warm tears gathered in his eyes.

"God bless you, my noble child," he said, with his whole heart in the words he spoke. "As true as the heaven is above us, you have chosen a worthy soul for the repository of your love. I know Elroy Clifton—I have known him for many years—and, while you shall not find one fault which is not already known to you, you shall find in him many virtues which you have not yet seen. And so, may all peace and blessedness be yours!"

He kissed her fair hand, and then led her to a seat.

"And now," he resumed, when he had wiped the dimming moisture from his eyes, "we must turn our attention to the necessities of this present moment. I have been talking with our good hostess, and she much fears that Saul Wormly will turn his attention this way. If he does come, we may not be able to resist him; so we had better leave here as soon as possible. I would suggest that we take a boat, and run up the Firth. To turn back into the country may be dangerous."

It was now near the middle of the afternoon, and it was finally arranged that they should take a boat and run up the Firth, either to Carlisle or to Longtown, just which might be the most convenient. Once there they could easily find shelter for a time, and could then decide what further course to pursue. This proposition had just been decided upon when Agnes McDougal came in and informed them that she believed one of Saul Wormley's men had been lurking about the place. She had seen a man come out from the bushes under the face of the cliff, and go off down the shore; and she thought he acted as though he had been watching.

"I have feared that same thing," said Darwood. "But we may evade them yet. It is not far to the boat, and the wind is favorable. Let us go at once, and make the best of our way to some point where Saul Wormley will not dare to follow."

Dame McDougel gave to Lorinda some warm clothing, and then went down with her to the sea-shore. The boat was a small, sloop-rigged craft, used for fishing; but still every way safe and convenient, though not very clean or trim. The maiden took her seat in the stern-sheets, and then, while Darwood sat by her side at the tiller, Elroy cast loose the sails and shoved off. Agnes bade them good-bye and God-speed; and they, in return, gave her their warmest thanks. The last words of parting were spoken after the boat had begun to move through the water, and the voyagers were soon wafted out of hearing from the kind-hearted dame.

For half an hour all went well; but at the end of that time there was cause for alarm. From behind a point, not half a mile distant, came a large boat, well manned, bearing towards them. She carried heavy canvas, and it was soon evident that she was by far the best sailer. But, was she an enemy?

"I cannot tell," said Darwood. "Of course, in these waters, there must be many such crafts passing; so her mere presence is no cause for fear. And she is not standing directly for us, either. She heads to the northward of our course."

But Lorinda was trembling with fear, and spoke of taking to the shore.

"No, no, my lady," the old man replied, "even if they were enemies, that would be the worst thing we could do. As we now stand, they are nearer to the shore than we are, and would, if headed towards it, take the wind more favorably. We must stand on, and hope for the best."

In a little while the strange boat had come much nearer, and Darwood recognized Saul Wormley at the helm. His countenance changed so suddenly that Lorinda noticed it.

"They are enemies!" she said, laying her hand upon his arm.

He did not reply.

"Is it Wormley?" asked Elroy.

Darwood said yes.

What should be done? What *could* be done? In the coming boat there were ten men, all armed; and bold, hardy men at that—men used to fighting. And, furthermore, they had now changed their course, and were directly in the wake of the fugitives. Elroy was appalled. A mountain was upon him, and he could not throw it off. To think of resisting that force would be madness. Lorinda gazed from one to the other of her companions, and she could not help but read their thoughts. There was a struggle in her soul, and she grew pale as death.

"I must go back!" she whispered, while her hand sought her lover's grasp.

"Hold!" said Darwood, as he saw the youth clutch the butt of his pistol. "If they are after us, we only plunge into certain destruction by resisting them. If you fight against such odds, you will be sure to fall. I know those men—they are tigers. And if you fall, our fair lady loses too much. If they demand it we must surrender. God's will be done!"

The swift-winged barge, with its pursuing force, came ploughing through the water at a speed nearly twice that of the fishing boat, and ere many moments after Darwood had spoken she was so near that an ordinary conversation might have been held between the two.

"Hallo, there!" cried Wormley, standing up in the stern-sheets. "Lay that boat to!"

Even Darwood hesitated. The order was a most ungrateful one.

"Lay to, or we'll fire into you!"

There was no help for it—no earthly help—and the boat was brought up to the wind. Elroy caught the maiden's hand, and tried to look hopeful.

"If you must go back," he said, "I will find some means of rescuing you."

"I hope God will be merciful to me!" she uttered.

"We must trust Him now," was the remark of Darwood; and as he spoke the barge shot alongside, and the two boats were held together.

"This is my bird!" cried Saul Wormley, placing his hand upon Lorinda's arm.

During all his eventful life Elroy Clifton had never done a braver deed than he did then; never before had he called up in his soul such gigantic power of will and self-control. It would have been an easy matter to shoot Saul Wormley dead, and to have pitched a battle with the ruffian gang; and such would have been suited exactly to his impulses; but the movement would have been a fatal one—he was convinced of it—and he saw the maiden conveyed into the barge without offering even a word of remonstrance.

"I think I've seen you before," said Wormly, addressing John Darwood

"You have," was the old man's reply.

"Aye—you were one of Duncan Barthol's crew. And so was this young fellow, eh?"

"Yes."

"Two good men, I have no doubt, but you must go with me; and you will pardon me if I put a little restraint upon you."

"You do not mean to bind us," said Darwood, as he saw preparations which had a look that way.

"Yes,—I think I will. In fact, I must; so let us have it done with as soon as possible."

There was an hour, and another hour, of anguish most keen. With their arms bound, and watchful eyes upon them, Darwood and Elroy sat, in the bows of the barge, close prisoners. The sun was down, and the shades of night creeping on, when the barge reached the landing upon Saul Wormley's domain; and when all had been secured, the two smugglers were conveyed to the house, where they were lodged in a close apartment, under stout bolts and bars; while Lorinda was led back to the chamber from which she had made her escape.

In half an hour from that time, there were bustling preparations in the old guard-room of that house. The priest was there—one whom Wormley had recommended as ready for any kind of clerical work; and whose looks did not belie the character thus given him. And some few witnesses were there too—men who could be trusted with an important secret, even though it might be a dangerous one.

And into the chamber where Lorinda Verbrook sat came Owen Murdock. Neither by word or look did he intimate that she had done anything out of the way; but he spoke as though she had not been away from that place since he saw her before.

"We are a little late," he said, with a smile, in which were mingled triumph and malignity; "but not too late for the pledge we made. The day is not yet passed; nor will it be until the hour of midnight; and ere that time our consummation shall be reached. Come—I will lead you down."

Was that the time and place for her to act? No. She would go with him; she would obey him while no evil was done; wasting not her strength upon ceremony. But there was a step which she would not take, while her own life was in her hands. She went with the sordid wretch; and though the spirit of fear weighed painfully upon her, yet there was in her soul, whispering above the tumult, another spirit which held a reliance upon God's mercy. It seemed to her as though the iniquity were too great to be perpetrated in the face of high Heaven. When she was stopped, it was in the guard-room—the apartment through which she had passed on her escape, where the arms were fixed upon the walls—and here she met some whom she knew. and some whom she did not know. She knew Saul Wormley; and she knew Gerald Murdock; and the man with the black robe, and the book—she knew he must be the priest. Gerald approached her, and patted her familiarly upon the shoulder.

"Aha, my little beauty, you didn't get off, did you. No, no,—I was not to lose my wife—not at all—not a bit of it!"

His eyes were red, and his breath was rank with the fumes of liquor.

"Hold on!" he cried, as Lorinda shrank quivering from him. "Let's have this thing done up in shape. By the mass, we'll have more witnesses."

"We have witnesses enough," said Owen. "Let the thing be done up as quickly as possible. We are all ready."

"But I say—*No!*" retorted Gerald. "I'll have more witnesses. It is my humor. I'll have Elroy Clifton here. He'll enjoy it—I know he will! I'll have him; and old Darwood shall come with him."

"My son——"

"Don't *my-son* me! You can't marry me till I get ready; and I won't be ready till Elroy Clifton comes to see!"

Owen Murdock would have resisted this, not from any sense of delicacy, but rather from an idea of safety; but his son was so far under the influence of brandy, that there was no reasoning with him; and it was finally decided that Clifton and Darwood should be brought in. Saul Wormley went out, with two of his men, and soon returned with the prisoners in charge.

"Now," cried Gerald, in high glee, as his eye fell upon the captive youth, "let the thing go on. I'm ready now."

And he went again to Lorinda's side, and offered to take her hand; but she shrank from him, and would have fled to Elroy, had not Owen caught her by the arm.

At this point there were indications of a scene; but ere the passions had fairly broken loose, all eyes were turned to the door, which had been opened by one of the host's men.

"What is it now?" demanded Wormley, impatiently.

"You are wanted, Capt'n."

"Who wants me?"

"I don't know. You had better come and see."

Saul promised that he would be back in a moment, and then hurried out. The minutes passed away, and he did not return.

"How is this?" cried Gerald, with an oath. "What's the use of waiting? We've got witnesses enough."

Owen Murdock waited a few moments more, and then he went to Lorinda, and told her that she must submit. He whispered it to her, in a low, grinding hiss, through his clenched teeth; and his hand was pressed upon her arm till she cried out with pain.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### A GLIMMERING OF LIGHT.

Another scene was on the tapis. Elroy Clifton was chafing like a caged lion. He had borne all he could bear, and it seemed as though either his bonds or his heart must break. He glared upon the soulless villains who would crush the fair being of his love, and was prepared to rush upon them, bound as he was. But the agony of that moment was not to be prolonged. Just when Lorinda uttered the faint cry from the pain caused by Owen's gripe upon her arm, the door was opened, and Saul Wormley re-entered.

"Hold, gentlemen!" ordered the chieftain, striding to the centre of the floor. "Let this thing be left where it is. You cannot proceed."

"How?" cried Owen, in astonishment.

"It can proceed no further."

"But it shall proceed, though," said Gerald, with a foul oath. "Where is the priest? Don't be fools now."

"Saul Wormley, what do you mean?" demanded Owen, leaving the maiden's side, and approaching his host. "Are you crazy?"

"No, Owen Murdock, I am far from that. You shall know my reasons very quickly. I am—— Ah—here comes one with whom you must argue the matter."

"How!—with this foul wretch?" exclaimed Owen, starting back when he saw who had entered. He spoke bravely enough; but it was plain to be seen that a fearful tremor shook his frame.

It was old Silverthorne who had come into the room, and as he now stood, with the glare of the great lamp full upon him, his face looked more strangely prophetic than ever.

"Back!" ordered Saul, as Gerald made a lurch forward. "This old man is under my protection, and from this moment his will is law upon these premises."

"What!" gasped Owen, turning pale with rage and vexation. "Do you turn traitor to me?"

"There is no treachery," replied Saul, in a calm, decided tone. "I can explain it all in a very few words. A simple sentence will tell you all: THIS OLD MAN IS MY MASTER!"

At this moment Lorinda bounded forward to Silverthorne's side; and when Gerald started to oppose her, he was seized by two of the attendants, and held back. The old man, as he held the maiden to his bosom with one arm, extended the other towards the people before him; and even Gerald Murdock, drunk as he was, quailed beneath that look.

"Listen!" spoke Silverthorne. "Saul Wormley has told you that I am master here. My first step of authority shall be the securing of two villains.—Open the door, some one, and call in my men."

The order was obeyed, and in stalked Luke Bissell, followed by half a dozen more of the stout serving-men of Cheswold.

"There are your prisoners," the old man said, pointing to the cravens.

Those servants needed no second hint. They started towards the father and son as a bold peasant might have started upon a trapped wolf that had slaughtered his fairest flock.

"Saul Wormley," cried Owen, struggling within the grasp of his assailants, "will you stand by and see this?"

"I have no choice in the matter," replied the host, doggedly. "It is you who are responsible, not I. I promised to give you shelter—to procure your priest—to hold your fair victim—and to protect you from all interference by my people; but I did not promise to protect you against the whole world. *This man is my master!*"

The father and son struggled, but they might as well have kicked against the solid rock as resist those determined men of Cheswold.

"By the heavens above me!" swore Owen Murdock, frothing with rage, "you shall suffer for this! The time shall come when you will be under my power. O, you shall suffer!"

"Never mind that now," replied Luke Bissell, taking the last turn of the thong about the villain's arms. "Just at this present time you happen to be under our power; and I think we'll make the best of it. So be easy, or I may forget myself, and fancy that you are an ugly, biting dog, which wouldn't be very pleasant to you, you may depend."

There was something so very cool and significant in this remark that Owen shrunk away into a state of quiet. But not so Gerald. He was utterly crazy in his drunken madness; and when he had been bound they took him out of the room.

When this had been done Silverthorne turned to Lorinda, and told her that she had better go to her chamber for a while.

"You will be safe, sweet lady; so have no fears. Ellen Chapman is here. You will find her not far off. Luke will show you the way."

"Not yet—not yet," cried the maiden, in a low, beseeching tone, and clinging to the old man's hand as she spoke. "There are others here.—Elroy—Mr. Darwood!"

He cast a quick, searching glance into her face, and then, in a tone so low that she alone could hear it—

"Sweet child, it is well with them. Cherish no more fears. Now go, and await my coming. Ellen is anxious to see you."

When the maiden had gone Silverthorne turned to the two smugglers, and cast off their bonds with his own hands.

"You are free," he said; "but I must have a pledge from you at this time. Promise me that you will not leave me until I give you permission. Promise me this, and I will, in return, solemnly pledge you that you shall be safe from any danger that can possibly result from the past."

They gave him the promise readily.

"Safe, are they?" muttered Owen Murdock, with a sneer and an oath. "We shall see how safe they will be when I am once out of this!"

Silverthorne turned upon the wretch, and gave him a look that made him quail. It was not so much the significance of the look, as it was the wondrous mystery of that face. It must have struck Owen more forcibly than ever before; for a new source of wonder was added to the strange old man. Saul Wormley had acknowledged him for a master.

* * * * * * *

What was the meaning of all this mystery?

We shall see, now that the parties have all arrived at Cheswold.

Into the large drawing-room of the Manor-house came Lorinda Verbrook and Doctor Adam Willet. Then came Elroy Clifton and John Darwood; and presently Owen Murdock and Gerald were led in, their arms pinioned behind them, and their movements guarded by Luke Bissell and stout Enoch Barrow, the forester. When Owen saw the doctor he appealed to him to know what all this meant.

"Why, sir," he cried, "am I subjected to this outrage in my own house?"

"I can explain nothing," replied Willet.

"It is a wicked conspiracy, sir! But I hope that you have no hand in it. I trust, sir, that you are not engaged in this infamous plot."

"I am a visitor, sir,—nothing more."

"But at whose invitation?"

"It matters not.—Here comes one who can explain things to your satisfaction."

It was Silverthorne who entered; and when he reached the centre of the room, he stopped and cast his eyes around upon those present. His gaze finally rested upon Owen Murdock, where it remained fixed for some moments. He was deeply moved, and as he finally sank into a chair a tear was seen to trickle down his cheek. But by and by he recovered himself, and for a while the old stern look was upon him.

"OWEN MURDOCK!"

The man thus addressed started, and trembled like an aspen. What was it in that voice that had such power?

"Owen Murdock, I have now to speak with you. Listen to me."

The villain moved uneasily in his chair; and it was plain to be seen that, could he have had his way, he would have annihilated the white-haired old man upon the spot. But there was not one present upon whom he could call for aid. The only one who could sympathize with him was his son, and that individual was as powerless as himself; so he was forced to sit and listen.

"I am going to carry you back to a period in the past," continued Silverthorne, when his hearer had become quiet; "and I will say here that I have quite a story to tell you; but it is all connected, and may be easily understood. I have been at much trouble to get all the parts; but I have succeeded in finding them, and have fitted them together so nicely that not a link is wanting. Something over a score of years ago, Sir Edward Stanton went onto the continent with his wife and child, and you accompanied them. While in Paris the baronet received a letter which called him home post-haste. His wife could not be ready at the time when it became necessary for him to start, and he left her and his child in your charge. In a few days after Sir Edward left you, set out with your charge, and when you reached the coast, you took passage on board a ship bound for Liverpool. That ship was overtaken by a storm, and driven upon the coast of Cornwall. All efforts on the part of her crew and passengers to save her proved ineffectual, and she was dashed upon the rocks, a torn and shattered wreck. Many of the inmates of that ship were killed; but some were saved. Sir Edward's wife was lost; but his brother-in-law was not. And the child—the bright-eyed cherub—that had been nestled away, through all the storm, upon its mother's bosom—what became of the child?"

"It was lost!" whispered Owen, hoarsely.

"Nay, nay, Owen Murdock. The child was not lost. Let me tell you how it was, for I know it very well. You reached the shore almost unhurt; and you was the first to find the body of the dead mother; and in a little while you found the fair-haired boy wrapped in his mother's mantle, and almost unharmed. You took the little one in your arms, and thus you reasoned with yourself:—Sir Edward's wife was dead, and if that child were also dead, your own child would be heir of Cheswold. Thus you reasoned, and you resolved that your child should be the heir. But you would not kill that helpless infant; so you bore it away to the cot of an humble fisherman—you gave it to the fisherman's wife—you told her that it was the offspring of a French smuggler, and that its parents were dead. She promised to take care of it as her own—to give it her own name,—and there you left it, and came home to Cheswold swearing that it was dead."

"It is false!—false as false can be!" gasped Owen, trembling at every joint. "I never saw the child! I bore no child away."

"LIAR!"

This word was spoken by John Darwood, and all eyes were turned upon him.

"You did bear a child up from that wreck," continued the smuggler, in an excited tone, and evidently speaking from an impulse which he could not control. "I saw you with my own eyes."

"You?—you?" whispered Owen, gazing upon the speaker. "Were you on board that ship?"

"Yes."

"Aha!—Then I know you! I know you now. You were a prisoner! You were being brought from France in irons! You were in the hands of the officers of the law! You were a murderer!—aye, a MURDERER! Oho—you escaped then, because the officers were lost. You do well to raise your voice against me. By the powers of darkness, it is fitting that such charges should be substantiated by such witnesses!"

John Darwood sank back with a groan; but he quickly recovered himself, and would have spoken again, had not Silverthorne interrupted him.

"Rest easy, my good Darwood. There's light yet to come for you."

Then the old man arose from his seat, and turned once more towards the wretched craven.

"Owen Murdock, I have no need of John Darwood's evidence. I have a better witness. Rest you a moment, and take breath."

And thus speaking he turned and left the room.

Owen Murdock was not the only anxious one left there to breathe. His heart was not the only one that beat painfully. Ah, no—far, far from it!

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### CONCLUSION.

When Silverthorne returned he was accompanied by a woman well advanced in life—threescore, at least—whose appearance betrayed that her station had been a lone and toilsome one. When Owen saw her, he started up from his chair, and gnashed his teeth.

"Foul witch!" he cried, with a look of unutterable wrath, "open thy mouth to blab of me, and I'll have thy blood, though it cost me my life!"

"I fear you not," returned the woman, boldly. "If you have been as wicked as you are now proved to be, you aren't worth fearing. And, moreover, there's one here whom I would serve, if the serving of him cost you your head the next hour." Thus speaking she turned to Elroy and extended her hand.

"Mother—I had not looked for you; and still I am glad to see you." He took her hand; and there was a show of tenderness in his manner towards her; though none of that deep love which such a son should have felt for a fond parent.

"No," said Sarah Clifton—for so she was named—"no, Elroy—you call me wrong. I am not your mother.——Don't start—don't look at me as though you thought I had wronged you—for I never did—at least I never did it knowingly. I can tell you how it is."

"Tell your story to the company, Mrs. Clifton," interposed Silverthorne. "Let us have it plain and direct."

The woman moved back a little, and, with her finger pointing towards Owen Murdock, she said:

"A good many years ago—twenty, I think—that man came to my cottage. It was on the morning after a terrible storm, and there had been a ship wrecked upon the coast; and many people had been lost. He came to my cottage, and brought with him a little child—a boy, not old enough to talk. He said the parents were dead—that they had been smugglers—that they were French—and he asked me if I would take the little one for my son, and bring it up as such. I told him I would; and he left it. And I was as faithful to my trust as I could be. I kept the child, and I loved it, too. Four years after that my husband died, and I was left to care for the boy alone. When Elroy—I had named him Elroy—was fourteen years old, my brother came to see me. Duncan Barthol was that brother. He came, and he wanted to take the boy to sea with him. At first I was unwilling to let him go; but finally I consented. I thought he would be better off with the smugglers than with those with whom he was forced to associate on that Cornwall coast. And so I let him go; and from that day he has had a home with me no more. If I helped to make him a smuggler, perhaps I saved him from something worse. But I thought I was doing well for him. This is the boy—a man now—called Elroy Clifton. And, sir, as you bade me, I have brought the clothes the child had on when he was put into my arms.—Here they are—the whole of them!"

"It does not need that clothing," cried Doctor Willet, "to settle this question. Look at the youth. Who but a STANTON could wear that face?"

"Even so," returned Silverthorne. And then advancing, and taking Elroy's hand, he added, while a convulsive tremor shook his frame,—"No more a Clifton—no more an outlawed child—but the legal son of Sir Edward Stanton, and heir of this fair domain! There is no dream in this—no deception. It is as has been told."

Entirely overcome, Elroy sank back into his chair, and covered his face with his hands. It was too much. Not yet could he comprehend it—it was so vast, so astounding.

In the meantime Owen Murdock broke forth into a storm of cursing and denial, which was only stopped by the assurance that he would be gagged if he did not keep quiet. Gerald sat like one appalled, evidently hoping that his father might find some way of overcoming this whelming testimony.

"My good friends," said Doctor Willet, moving his chair a little further into the room, "this scene must not last much longer. I will take up the narrative for a while, and then leave it for another to finish. I will tell you of the baronet, and how much he knew of this mystery. Early last Spring Sir Edward went into Cornwall on business, and while there he visited the place where the ship was cast away. By accident he heard the story of a little child that was saved from that wreck. The painful dream of years was intensified. A thousand times he had said to himself that his child might not have died. He traced the story out, and was led to the cot of Sarah Clifton. But the woman was not at home. She had gone away, no one knew whither, and no one knew when she would be back. The baronet waited as long as he could, and was then forced to come away with only the knowledge that a child was saved from that wreck. But that was enough to startle his soul into powerful labor. He reasoned with himself, and his reasoning led him very near to what has since proved true. He came home, sad and miserable enough, but only to find new sources of pain. He feared that Owen Murdock had hidden his child away, and for what purpose was apparent. He had been at Cheswold but a very short time—aye, but a few hours—ere he had reason to believe that Owen was seeking his life. He soon found that his brother-in-law had tracked him to Cornwall; and, furthermore, that all his movements were watched by restless eyes."

"Thou hoary-headed liar!" yelled Owen, leaping to his feet, "I defy thee, and thy falsehoods! Thou dost but corrupt the memory of the dead!"

"I do but speak the truth," said Willet.

"The simple, naked truth," echoed Silverthorne.

"Ha! and thou, too, white-headed felon!" hissed Owen. "Is't thus I am to be environed by the falsehood of liars and outlaws?"

"Hold!" spoke Silverthorne, starting up from his chair. "I can bear this no longer. I shall burst my throbbing heart, if I find not vent for my emotions. O, Owen? Owen! how art thou fallen! O, Heaven! what a wreck art thou!"

Quivering like a wind-riven oak when he thus spoke—and quivering still, as he tore the long, white hair from his head, as he plucked off the snowy beard, and the shaggy, frosty eyebrows, and wiped the unseemly stains from his cheeks and brow; but quivering no more, as he stood erect, in the full stature of his noble form, glancing around upon the astounded throng.

"SIR EDWARD!" broke, in a dying gasp, from Owen's lips.

Gerald uttered a fearful oath, and then sank down as though all hope from his father's power were gone.

Lorinda did not speak, but she leaped forward and threw herself upon the bosom of her own dear guardian, clinging to him as clings the soul to a new and joyous life.

"Come — come," whispered the baronet, reaching forth his hand to the bewildered youth. "O, let the cup be filled at once. I can endure the restraint no longer.——My son! my son! My own dear boy! O, thank God for this!"

* * * * * * * *

And now, when the wild tumult of emotion had somewhat subsided, Sir Edward Stanton took up the burden of the strange story.

"Be patient," he said, "and you shall soon understand it all. Willet has told you what I learned in Cornwall, and he has told you how I was forced to come home with an agony of suspense upon me. I knew in my soul that my boy lived, and that Owen Murdock had hidden him away, and I resolved that I would not rest until I had gained the whole truth. I had not been at Cheswold a week before I knew that Owen had tracked me to Cornwall—that he suspected the knowledge I had gained—and that he was determined to thwart me if he could. It was his plan, founded in the very essence of his being, that Cheswold should fall to his son. For that he had stolen away my child, and for that he would not now hesitate to dip his hands in my blood. At all events I knew that he suspected how much intelligence I had gained; I knew that I could not move in my work without being watched, and I knew, too, that if I found my son, the same hand that stole him away in helpless infancy would not spare him now. I became panic-stricken and bewildered. I feared not for myself so much as I feared for my boy. If I searched for him and found him, I might only lure him to his death. While thus worried a curious thought occurred to me. While in London I had seen old Silverthorne, just returned from his place of banishment. I saw him by accident, and saw him but for a short time, for he cared not to remain in England, and under an assumed name he soon took passage for America. I determined to assume his name and character. The thing would be easy if I could contrive a disguise that would be safe, for Silverthorne had not been seen in this section for so many years that no one would be able to dispute the pretension.

"With this plan once formed in my mind I pursued it heartily. It became a sort of mania with me, and I must confess that, to some extent, I was fairly beside myself with the excitement and turmoil of spirit consequent upon the wonderful things that were pressing upon me. If I could get myself out of the way, and introduce SILVERTHORNE in my place, under that guise the father could pursue his search after the lost boy in safety. But how was Sir Edward to be disposed of? Never mind, I thought. Some way will present itself. I will introduce Silverthorne, and then consider. So I perfected my disguise, and under its cover presented myself at the gate, having first, however, taken the precaution to order the unconditional admission of the old man. It worked well. At length I formed the plan of going away—of pretending to be on a very long journey. I started at night, and in the wood I met with an accident, as you remember, and was brought home insensible. It was while confined to my bed that I formed the resolution to die—to have it published that I was dead. It was a wild, strange freak, but I was in just the frame of mind to carry it out. I admitted three people to my secret—Doctor Willet, Luke Bissell, and Walter Arnton. They would have dissuaded me, but I would not listen. The plan, once formed, received all my energies in its pursuit. There was only one thing that gave me uneasiness. I knew how my darling ward must suffer, but I dared not trust her with the secret. I feared, if she knew all, that her manner would betray her. So I chose that she should suffer, trusting that, in the end, she should receive full recompense.

"When I finally started for London in the carriage, I had my disguise with me. At Barton I stopped for the night at Doctor Willet's, and here we discovered that Gerald Murdock had followed us, and was lurking upon our track, but he was easily avoided. And I went no further in that carriage. I there assumed my disguise, and a man whom the doctor had provided put on my dress, and took my place in the carriage. It had been all arranged touching the letters that were to be sent to Cheswold from time to time, and Willet was to despatch them as he thought best. And one thing more was done on that night at Doctor Willet's. Walter Arnton was secretly there, and I made my will. I knew not what might happen. I might be taken away, and I thought it best so to do. And how should I make it? Was Gerald a villain? Was the son of my sister a party in the villainy of his father? Would Lorinda ever become his wife? These questions were in my mind, and I made my will accordingly.

"From Doctor Willet's, the coach, with the doctor and my substitute upon the inside, and Luke Bissell upon the outside, pushed on to London, where the game was played on. When the letter came which announced that Sir Edward Stanton was dead, and that he had been buried at Windsor, it was not all false, for my great-grandfather, of the same name, was there buried. But that matters little. It was deception, and it must pass as such. Walter Arnton went to London, and pretended to make my will there. This was done because it was known that Gerald was lurking upon his watch.

"From Doctor Willet's the coach went on to London. And, at the same time, from Doctor Willet's, old Silverthorne went back to Cheswold. And now he could work in safety. And he did work—he worked early and late—and he worked to some purpose. There was danger, but he escaped it. Away to Cornwall he went, and this time he found Mrs. Clifton. He found her honest and frank; and when he had heard her story, he knew that Elroy—the smuggler—the youth whom he had already seen; aye, and whom he had already learned to honor and to love, was his own child.

"With this intelligence I came back. I found that the smuggler vessel was on the coast, and that the bailiff was after the outlaws. This put me to a little trouble; but I surmounted it. There has been trouble since; and danger, too; but, thank God, the light of a glorious day has come at length. My boy, you are free and safe. While I have been thus at work, I have had friends at court. The King has heard the whole story, and you have a full and expunging pardon for all of outlawry that may may have been entailed upon you by your connection with the smugglers."

With big tears rolling down his cheeks, John Darwood arose to his feet. He would have turned from the room, but Sir Edward restrained him.

"Whither now?"

"Let me go, sir. I have seen Elroy happy—I have seen him safe and blessed. Let me go while the sun is shining!"

"Not so, my dear friend," cried the baronet, laying his hand upon Darwood's arm. "Stop. Did I not tell you that I had light for you? Are you not SIR ALBERT BEAUCHAMPE?"

The smuggler started as though a thunder bolt had burst upon him.

"Were you not, many years ago, accused of murdering your uncle for the purpose of gaining his wealth?"

"Hold! hold!" gasped Darwood, turning pale as death. "Drag not up that fearful thing. I never did the murder. As God liveth, I had no hand in it!"

"And yet you suffered the curse of the suspicion to rest upon you."

The smuggler groaned heavily.

"You knew who did that murder," pursued Sir Edward. "You knew that your younger brother, George Beauchampe, did the deed, and, rather than see him doomed, you became an outcast."

"How knew you this?" cried Darwood, quivering at every joint.

"Is it not true?"

"It matters not. It is too late now to regain my blasted reputation."

"It is not too late, Sir Albert Beauchampe.—Listen to me: Do you remember the man who joined you on the night when you fled from Farworth—who attacked your companion, to assassinate him?"

"Yes," replied the smuggler, breathlessly.

"He was called Samus McDowd; and had been hired to kill my son; but he got his own deathwound in the conflict. I found him dying by the wayside, and I bore him to Farworth. He had seen you, and he had recognized you; and, ere he died, he gave a most important work into my hands. He sent me to his abode, to find a paper. He told me all he could; and I know that he died the happier from being assured that his last act of life was for your good. I went to his cot, and found the paper; and, as he had directed, I read it. And thus ran the story there written down: Samus McDowd was none other than George Beauchampe. He himself killed his uncle, and when he found that his brother Albert was suspected, he allowed the suspicion to go uncontradicted. But other crimes followed this, and at length he became an outcast—a cut-throat, and a robber. He believed that his brother had been wrecked and lost upon the Cornwall coast, while in the hands of officers who had apprehended him; but he was not sure. At all events, he would write that paper, so that the truth might be published if there were ever need of it. And, sir, it has been published. The king has seen it, and his ministers have seen it; and Sir Albert Beauchampe is, from this hour, an honored baronet of the realm, free from all taint of things past!"

The redeemed man sat down, and covered his face with his hands, and sobbed and wept like a child.

* * * * * * * *

Gerald Murdock was suffered to go free. He went to London—not to his office, but to the dens where he had been initiated aforetime; and in a very few months he sank to his grave. His uncle would have reclaimed him—would have helped him still; but he would not be reclaimed—would not be helped.

While Sir Edward was considering what should be done with Owen, he was unexpectedly relieved by that individual's summary departure. Owen Murdock deserved the severest penalty of the law; but the baronet could not bear to have the husband of his sister tried and condemned. He had gone to consult with Walter Arnton, when Owen broke from his room, and fled. He was afterwards heard of in France; then in Italy; and finally he turned up in India, where the clue to his further movements was lost.

The winter passed away, and when the spring-time came Elroy and Lorinda, (in presence of the happy Sir Edward and Sir Albert Beauchampe, whom they loved to call Darwood still, and a throng of joyous friends,) consummated their vows at the altar; and from that time Cheswold and Farworth were one domain.

THE END.

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THE pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over.

### DON'T SAY ONE THING AND MEAN ANOTHER.

The little lane—the greenwood lane—
Where Mary dwelt, was gay with singing;
For brook and bird, in many a strain,
Down vale and moor, their notes were flinging;
But Mary's heart was deaf to song,
No longer she her tears could smother;
For she had learnt—at last—'twas wrong
To say one thing, and mean another!

'Tis right—'tis due, when hearts are true,
To show that heart without deceiving,
And not to speak, in idle freak,
To try if one's the *power* of grieving!
In Mary's heart, and Mary's mind,
She loved one youth—and loved no other;
But Mary's tongue was oft inclin'd
To say one thing, and mean another!

Would all might see how sweet 'twould be
If truth alone their words directed—
How many a day might then be gay,
That passeth now in tears, dejected;
Would all might learn, and all discern,
That truth keeps longest, friend or brother!—
Then, maids, be kind, and speak your mind,
Nor say one thing, and mean another!

## POOR HUMAN NATURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Try some of this Mocha, Mr. Jenkins," said my grocer, with one of those kindly interested smiles, which come so persuasively to his face when he talks to you of the good things he has gathered from all parts of the world for the recreation and delight of his customers. "It's a prime lot, sir. Take home a couple of pounds and give it a trial."

Now, of all things, I luxuriate in a good cup of coffee, and the word Mocha had a pleasant sound for my ears. So I ordered a package and took it home.

"What have we here?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, as I threw the bundle into her lap, among the little stockings to which she was supplying sundry deficiencies in the way of heels and toes.

"Mocha," said I, with a dream of oriental pleasure in my voice.

"Perhaps!" There was just enough of incredulity in the utterance of Mrs. Jenkins to annoy me. The "Perhaps" of my wife, chilled the pleasant warmth of my feelings.

"We shall see to-morrow morning," was my lightly spoken answer.

"And we shall see, Mr. Jenkins." Still, the incredulity was in her voice.

"Burn it right, and make it right, my dear, and we shall have nectar fit for the gods."

"Oh, it's not burnt!" said Mrs. Jenkins, with just a little falling of the countenance.

"No, our grocer says the consumption of Mocha is not large enough to warrant his having it burnt. But this will be in our favor you know. Let it be browned to a light chestnut color in the morning, and ground while it is hot. We shall then have the aroma in all its fragrant freshness."

"Browned to a light chestnut color!" Mrs. Jenkins smiled. "Burnt to the blackness of coal, more likely!"

"Oh, you won't trust that miserable apology of a cook with the work of browning my Arabian berry!"

"Who's to do it then? I shall have my hands full with the children."

"Can't you brown it to-night, my dear?" I said, with the pleasantness all gone out of my voice.

"Yes, I suppose so." And Mrs. Jenkins laid the package of Mocha on the table near to which she sat, and went on with her darning of our children's stockings.

This buying of unburnt coffee was something out of the common order of things in our household, and I saw that Mrs. Jenkins was annoyed. Little things, crossing our paths at untimely moments, often chafe us more than larger troubles.

I dropped the subject. Coffee, for the time, was an offence to me. If Mocha was to be a disturber of our home life, I would have none of it.

"I'll take that coffee back in the morning," said I, as we sat at the tea table, "and get some burnt Java, which will do just as well. I didn't think about the trouble of burning."

"You'll do no such thing! Who said anything about the trouble of burning?"

The face of Mrs. Jenkins grew warm; and there was a quality in her usually pleasant voice that hurt my ears.

Now, reader, I might as well say it at once, that, however well-meaning towards each other Mrs. Jenkins and I may be—however lovingly bound to each other, if you will—we are not by any means perfect people; not models of self-control and self-denial such as we read about, occasionally, in books, but made of human flesh and blood, which is a very defective kind of material at best, and apt to get out of order. The law of bearing and forbearing was an essential one in our case, and but for its frequent rule, the probabilities would have favored a very unhappy kind of life.

As I have said, the face of Mrs. Jenkins grew warm, and her voice betrayed a quality of feeling that jarred on my ears. I had not meant my remark about taking back the coffee as a reproof, but as an acknowledgment of my thoughtlessness in adding anything to the burden of household care. Mrs. Jenkins had understood me differently, or, if not, my words had come with reproof to her state of mind.

"I thought it would be a trouble," said I, but did not mend matters by the remark.

"You must have a very poor opinion of your wife, then, that's all I have to say, Mr. Jenkins."

A look of injured innocence came into her face. What could I say or do? Unhappily, I am a man with but small ability to disguise my feelings. If there is a shadow on my spirit, it is very apt to reveal itself in my face. I cannot smile and talk gaily with a pressure on my heart. An unmanly weakness, I know; but still, the fact exists, and I make a clean breast of it.

Silence was my refuge; there was safety therein, if not success—a hiding-place, if not a way of escape. So I finished my tea without another word.

I knew, by what had passed, that our evening together, after the children were in bed, would be one of constrained intercourse. Experience had made me prescient. So I toned down my ruffled spirits as best I could, and prepared to be as agreeable to Mrs. Jenkins as was possible under the circumstances. I talked of things that had occurred in my business intercourse through the day, and read to her from the papers I had brought home, such bits of news as I thought would be interesting. It was uphill work, for the response to these amiable efforts on my part, was but feeble at best. Mrs. Jenkins could not rise out of the state into which she had fallen.

Twenty times during the evening did I wish the two pounds of Mocha, out of which I was to have derived so much pleasure, at twice the distance of "Araby the blest." Upon what unimportant trifles hang the shadows or sunshine of our days.

Half an hour before bed time, Mrs. Jenkins left the sitting room and went down to the kitchen. I more than half guessed her errand. The odor of burnt coffee soon made conjecture a thing of certainty. When she returned, her face was slightly flushed, and wore a look of weariness. She made no reference to what she had been doing, and I was in too much doubt as to her real state of mind to venture a word about the Mocha, which I mentally consigned to the antipodes.

Next morning, as I took my place at the table and glanced across to where Mrs. Jenkins sat with the coffee urn and cups and saucers before her, I saw that something had gone wrong.

"There's your Mocha," she said, in a dissatisfied tone, as she handed me a cup of coffee; "but I don't imagine you'll find it fit to drink."

Now, there had come to my nostrils, as I sat reading the morning newspaper, such a delicious aroma, as cook boiled too vigorously my fragrant berry, that expectancy sat waiting on the palate in a pleasant foretaste of delights. The remark of my wife was like a dash of cold water. I took the cup, and let my eyes fall upon the contents. One glance sufficed. No rich brown received the light softly in its warm bosom, but instead, there was a dull reflection from a muddy drab surface. My countenance fell, for, in that moment, I felt the pang of a bitter disappointment. My mouth had been made up for something delicious, but I knew too well that one draught from the cup before me would scatter my vain anticipations to the wind.

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Dear knows!" was the fretful answer.

I tasted the coffee, held the cup a little way from my lips, and then set it down again.

Mrs. Jenkins took up the cream jug, and looked into it curiously. Then she rang the table bell. Cook came in from the kitchen.

"Is this cream?" asked my wife.

"No, mum," answered our Irish help. "Sure and it's only milk."

"I told you to get half a pint of cream from the milkman, didn't I?"

"Faith, sure and ye did! And I niver remimbered it at all! Och! and it's too bad, it is, mum!"

The sharp words that fell on the head of our disconcerted cook, didn't come at all musically from the lips of Mrs. Jenkins; they troubled my ears with an unpleasant sound. Cook deserved all she received; but Mrs. Jenkins was so much out of temper as to present a painful aspect.

"Never mind," said I, as cook beat a hasty retreat to her own domain. "Accidents will happen."

"I do mind, though," answered my wife, tears springing to her eyes. "After all my care and trouble, to have everything spoiled by her stupid neglect. All the coffee wants is good cream."

"It will do very well as it is," said I, soothingly, as I put my lips to the cup again.

"You needn't talk in that way, Mr. Jenkins." My wife threw the words at me across the table with no amiable impulse in her voice. "I know the coffee's not fit to drink."

Both words and manner chafed me. Silence is my usual answer to any hasty sentence in which Mrs. Jenkins may happen to indulge. So I let my eyes fall away from her face, and finished my breakfast without further remark on any subject.

"If there's to be all this trouble about a simple cup of coffee," said I, as I left the house without kissing Mrs. Jenkins, "I reckon something less than an age will pass before I venture another step in the way of improvement."

Now, this was ungenerous, and unjust into the bargain; but I was thrown from my balance as well as Mrs. Jenkins from hers.

I will not weary my readers with a particular narrative of all the disagreeable things that happened to me during that day, all traceable, directly or indirectly, to an unamiable state of mind, originating in the light cause to which I have referred. A good, but rather difficult, and sometimes unreasonable customer, was offended and lost, through my want of patient self-control; I did not bear myself towards my clerks with the considerate kindness to which they were entitled; I spoke with an uncalled for harshness to a poor woman who came with a subscription paper at which I refused to look, and felt sorely rebuked at my unkindness as the memory of her pale, hurt, and disappointed face kept haunting me for hours afterwards; I—but enough of this. Self-adjustment had been lost, and I found it impossible to regain that equipoise of mind so essential to right conduct.

If my thought, as it did now and then, ran backward in search of the cause of all the trouble, and rested on the only one that presented itself, I felt a sense of shame at its insignificance. "A little disappointment about a cup of coffee!" And I tried to turn myself from myself, as I said the words, adding, "For shame, Mr. Jenkins!"

This impression of inadequacy as to the cause, instead of helping me out of the valley into which I had gone down, only made the shadows draw closer about me; and when I locked my store door, and took the way homeward at nightfall, I felt burdened in spirit almost to wretchedness. I was in no mood to meet my wife. We had parted coldly in the morning; and my state of mind had grown worse instead of better for the day's experiences. I dreaded to look in her face—to encounter her injured, sad, or rebuking countenance; to feel the embarrassment of that constrained intercourse in which the evening must be passed. With my hand on the door, I stood for some moments, really hesitating to enter—so painfully conscious was I of being in a state of mind wholly unfitted for meeting my wife and family. Then I turned the key, and went in. As my steps sounded along the passage, I heard a pair of little feet start upon the landing above, and come fluttering, like bird wings, down the stairs. A cry of joy, a leap forward, and my darling little Jennie's arms were about my neck, and her warm kisses smothering on my lips. Just on the landing, as I came up the stairs, with Jennie held tightly to my bosom, stood Mrs. Jenkins. I hardly dared venture a glance towards her face; but my eyes, as they turned upon it, met a look of tenderness. I held our sweet one's face towards her face—laid her cheek to her cheek—and, in the outgushing of my heart, kissed with a kiss of love two pairs of lips at once.

And so, a sudden burst of sunshine threw the clouds apart, and they went rolling away towards far horizons, leaving the calm blue depths of heaven above our heads.

Why speak of the delicious cup of Mocha that wet my lips at supper time, or of the pleasure sparkling eyes of Mrs. Jenkins, as she enjoyed my enjoyment of the fragrant beverage? I am not writing to show that Mrs. Jenkins failed in wifely consideration on the day before, in not entering into my state of feeling about the coffee; nor to expose the annoyance she experienced at being a little put out of her regular routine of household duties; nor to exhibit, in contrast, the satisfactions that came to both of us, when she took cheerful thought as to her husband's wishes and pleasures. We are both human; both in hereditary evils and defects of character; both subject to states in which little unusual things are felt as annoyances, and against the sudden intrusions of which we are not at all times guarded. I can claim no superiority over her in this respect; and the incidents exposed, tell quite as much against me as they do against Mrs. Jenkins.

I think each of us gained a little in the right direction by the experiences through which an incident, trifling and unimportant in itself, opened the door for us to pass; and when the sun came back into our sky again, after a brief hiding of his countenance, it found us nearer together, and our hearts pervaded by a more loving and considerate spirit.

The homely and common things of life, leave great influences over our mental conditions, and against their actions and reactions we can never be too much on our guard. A look, a word, a tone of voice, the merest trifle, a straw in our way, has, under certain circumstances, the power to shadow our spirits. Firmly we stand braced for the severer shocks of life, ready to meet them with heroism; and, even while we thus stand, find ourselves troubled to the very centre of our lives by something of such mean significance, that the after thought of it brings a flush to our cheeks, and a sighing utterance to our lips, of the words—"Poor human nature!"

## THE ROMANCE OF HOUSE-HUNTING.

### A STORY FOR THE FIRST OF MAY.

"O, dear me! what *shall* I do?"

Mrs. Raymond clasped her pretty little hands together over her blue silk belt-ribbon, in the pet attitude of woman when she slips gracefully into a state of interesting despair. Mr. Charles Villars, the fair lady's bachelor cousin, took the cigar from his mouth, laid down the newspaper, and inquired with some demonstration of interest:

"Why, what's the matter, Louise?"

"The matter, indeed—that's all the consideration you men have! Here it is within a fortnight of the awful first of May——"

"Shades of cartmen and cracked china—so it is!" ejaculated Charles, parenthetically.

"And we have not engaged a house yet! Mr. Raymond pretends he can't get a moment's time from his business—just as if I didn't see through his miserable equivocations! He is glad of an excuse to avoid the inconveniences of house-hunting! O! the selfishness of husbands!"

"Don't know that I blame him much," said Mr. Villars, knocking the white fringe of ashes, from his fragrant-breathed Havana.

"And my foot is lame!" pursued Mrs. Louise, glancing down at the little satin-slippered member that reposed daintily beneath her embroidered skirt, "and—you dear, good, cousin Charley—if you would only give a little attention to the subject!"

"May I be hanged if I do!" ejaculated Charley, starting up, and flinging his cigar abruptly across the room. "What's the use of being a bachelor, if you have none of the immunities belonging to the order—if you're obliged to hunt houses for other men's wives? I declare I'll marry the first old maid I meet!"

"*Now* Charley!" said Louise, caressingly, laying her hand on his arm, "you always were the best fellow alive, and I am sure you won't desert me now!"

"It's my solemn opinion," quoth Charley, shrugging his shoulders, "that I shall always be imposed on by some woman or other. I was made for that especial purpose, and for all I can see, it will be my destiny through life. Of course I shall have to make a martyr of myself, house-hunting! Get the agent's list—fetch me my hat—and if I'm brought home on a shutter, feet foremost, just consider yourself responsible!"

"O, I'm so much obliged, Charley!" exclaimed Louise, clapping her hands. "It will be such a weight off my mind! And I'll tell you what—I'll go down into the kitchen, and iron your shirts myself, this week—and I'll alter those collars that you dislike, and I'll tie your cravat, every morning, and——"

"O, yes—I know what a woman's promises amount to!" said Charley, ungraciously, buttoning up his overcoat, and pulling his hat down over his eyes. "If I don't find you a house before night-fall, you'll probably know the reason why!"

And he went out, giving the door a bang that made Louise place both hands over her ears, with a little bit of a shriek.

Meanwhile Mr. Villars strolled leisurely down the street, alternately consulting the memorandum in his hand, and viewing the "Houses to Let" with a critical eye.

"It's worse than having a tooth out," soliloquized he, with an odd contraction of his forehead, and a low, ominous whistle. "However, it's too late to back out now. Here's a nice looking house—No. 88—brown stone front. Well, there's nothing like trying!"

He ascended the steps, losing courage at each gradual elevation, and by the time he had given the bell a valorous pull, feeling as if he would like to get under the mat, or behind the door-post!

The summons was answered by a spectacled old lady, in black bombazine, and a widow's cap, and to her Mr. Villars communicated his humble desire to inspect the premises.

"Well," said she, half doubtfully, "I suppose you can see it. Isabella! Isabella——"

He had by this time penetrated far enough into the entry to catch a view of a sunshiny little reception room, with a bright fire in the grate, and a lovely young lady sitting among the fragrant hyacinths, sewing. She rose at the elder lady's voice, and came forward.

Bright hazel eyes, with a world of fun twinkling under their demure lashes—golden-brown hair, full of waves and ripples, like the tendrils of a tropic vine—lips red and dewy as sea-coral, and a round, arch face—Charley Villars was quite certain he had never seen so pretty a creature before, as she came out, with the tiny silver thimble yet on her taper middle-finger, and a bit of half-finished ruffling tucked into the pocket of a most aggravating little silk apron.

"I wish you would show the house to this—this person," said the old lady, in a loud whisper. "Bridget is so careless, and the silver is all lying about in the dining-room."

The lady glanced up with a mischievous smile, as the red flush of mortification suffused the young man's forehead.

"Never mind grandmamma!" said she, roguishly, "she is a little deaf, and don't know how loud she speaks. She is a little over cautious, too, like all elderly people, you know!"

Mr. Villars felt somewhat comforted at this soothing explanation, and accompanied the pretty damsel down into the basement, experiencing an ecstatic thrill every time she spoke to him or lifted up those chesnut-lashed eyes.

"You see there is a very nice furnace," said she, "with registers in every room."

"Yes," said Charley, bending down to peep into it, and trying to appear very scientific. "I should think you might get a great many pies into that place!"

The fair Isabella broke out into the pleasantest little laugh you ever heard—like water trickling down over mossy stones in a green forest dell.

"You are mistaken," said she, "this is not the range!"

"Oh!" said Charley, blushing up to the eyebrows, and wondering what egregious blunder he had committed.

"There is also a very convenient wine-cellar," she said.

"Yes," responded Charley, looking straight at her face, and wondering which of his cousin's damask rose-buds her mouth most resembled.

She laughed a little, and crimsoned a little, and went up stairs with the tripping, elastic step that belongs only to Lilliputian feet. Was it marvellous that the young man grew more bewildered and absent-minded every moment?

"The walls will be tinted any color the tenant prefers," Isabella remarked, by way of episode.

"*I* think hazel brown is the prettiest color," said Charley.

"Hazel brown? for walls?"

"O—I beg your pardon! I didn't exactly understand. I—I——" stammered Charley, in dire perplexity. He was embarrassed how to explain that he was thinking of the lady's eyes, not of hard-finished ceilings. So he didn't explain at all, and had the satisfaction of being conscious that he appeared like an unmitigated fool.

By the time the tour of inspection was complete, Charley Villars knew no more whether the parlors were double or single, the chandeliers extra or included, or the rooms large or small, than the man in the moon, who may reasonably be supposed to be rather ignorant on such subjects.

He went straight home, and burst into the sitting-room like a meteor, greatly to Louise Raymond's astonishment.

"Why, Charley, what is the matter? I did not expect you so soon."

"I've found it!" said Charley, tossing his hat upon the table, and performing a curious species of solo dance in the middle of the room.

"O, I'm so glad! Is it handsome?"

"Beautiful—perfectly beautiful!"

"And where?"

"In Melrose street. I wonder what excuse I can possibly make to call again."

"Do you think it will suit us all?"

"*Suit* you? You can't help being suited. Just what I have been looking for all my life. Such a complexion—such beautiful flaxen curls—such a figure!"

"Charley Villars!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Raymond, starting up, "what on earth are you talking about?"

"Why, a wife, to be sure—the very realization of my sweetest visions! If I can only win her!"

"*A wife!* And what has become of my house?"

"O, confound the house! I've something else to think of!" ejaculated Mr. Villars.

Louise Raymond sank down in her chair, with uplifted eyes and hands. But from that moment all remonstrance was in vain. Charley Villars was beyond the reach of human reason. He was over head and ears and whiskers in love!

For about a week he walked in an atmosphere of rose-colored clouds. The sun rose in a halo of rainbows, and set in an ocean of pearl and silver. He purchased expensive bouquets, with waxen japonicas gleaming like banks of snow from ravines of heliotrope and sweet violets—he left them anonymously at the "To let" house—he stopped to look at the wedding-cake in every confectioner's window, and rushed frantically into Broadway temples of fashion to inquire the price of radiant dress-silks, and to wonder how Isabella would look in a two-hundred dollar mantle! But his main business—one which unfortunately was crowned with no success whatever—was to find some one who knew the family, so as to introduce him regularly. At length, by way of a *dernier ressort*, he determined to trust to fate, and forthwith sent a most astonishing bouquet, with a ruby ring fastened to the prettiest moss-rose-bud in the collection.

"To-morrow I'll call formally, and introduce myself," thought he. "A card-case and impudence will accomplish a good deal—and the matter shall be decided. I cannot live in suspense any longer, without seeing Isabella. Isabella—the sweet Spanish name—how musically its Andalusian cadences melt on the ear."

The next morning at breakfast, he had no appetite.

"Well, Charley," said Louise, "you'll be glad to hear that our house was let yesterday."

Villars made no answer; what was the house to him, or he to the house?

"And the new tenants are coming to look at it this morning."

"How the women do prose on about a subject of no earthly interest," thought Charley to himself, as he extended his cup, saying, with a resigned air: "I'll trouble you for a little more sugar in my coffee, if you please, Louise!"

There was a ring at the door-bell, and a rustle of skirts in the entrance hall. Louise rose to speak to the new-comers, who swept in, quite a party of them, giving a strong impression of pink velvet bonnets, multitudinous silk flounces, and gold-band bracelets. One gentleman accompanied them—a handsome, dashing-looking fellow, with a moustache so thick and black that Charley Villars instinctively felt of his own hirsute appendage with a pang of envy.

The youngest of all lingered in the hall; she was evidently the principal party in the negotiation, the lady who was intending to take possession of the house, as soon as they should vacate it; and Charley could hear Louise chatting with her about various matters of household economy. Was there no end to their conferences? At length a softer accent broke the monotony of his cousin's voice.

"Well, I'll see what my husband says. Harry, dear, where are you?"

Villars started up with a quick throb at his heart; it was Isabella's voice, and she entered, hazel-orbed and lovely as ever, smiling on the whiskered wretch who responded most amiably to the appellation of "husband."

Isabella's husband! Then she was only Mrs. Somebody, after all! O, the lost bouquet, the vanished ruby ring, the moonlight promenades in front of the "House to Let!" What a blessing it was that he had preserved the anonymous!

He made an instinctive rush for the closet door, but it was too late. Mrs. Isabella had caught a glimpse of him, and came forward, with the sweetest smile of recognition that ever wreathed cherry lips.

"What a very singular coincidence," said she gaily—*she* could afford to laugh. "We can sympathize in the trials of house-hunting. I hope you succeeded in finding a house?"

Charley tried to make some suitable reply, but the words died away on his parched tongue; *he* stood still, with the most sheepish of countenances, while a cold dew of perspiration broke out in chill drops on his forehead. Not until the reconnoitering party had withdrawn their forces, did he fairly breathe again!

Isabella's husband! it wasn't the disappointment he cared for so much, after all, but to think she should have the bad taste to choose that whiskered villain!

Charley Villars is an old bachelor yet, devoted to cigars, newspapers, and single blessedness, and there are two maxims upon which he pins his solitary faith. One is, never to trust to appearances in this deceitful world; the other is, never to go house-hunting!

Those can most easily dispense with society who are most calculated to adorn it; they only are dependent on it who possess no mental resources; for though they bring nothing to the general mart, like beggars, they are too poor to stay at home.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the downcast as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such an one moves on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners; as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the South.

Love, in this world, is like a seed taken from the tropics, and planted where the winter comes too soon; and it cannot spread itself in flower-clusters and wide-twining vines, so that the whole air is filled with the perfume thereof. Care for the root now—there is another summer for the top.

The sweet impulse that is born in the breast of a lover has one twin-born with it in the breast of the loved one—one a little Adam and the other a little Eve. And they would always be rushing into one another's arms—if this world were the original Paradise.

In South America they find the diamonds in rivers by turning off the current from their beds; in the heart it is after the flow of passion is turned aside that the diamonds are found below it in the depths.

It is one species of despair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happiness. His next wish must then be that he had some fresh object for his wishes.

Most people are grateful for moderate obligations, but there is scarcely any one who does not show ingratitude for great ones.

That is but a spurious love of nature which seeks the groves only to weep in them. The true lover of nature is gladdened by her beauty.

When pretended duelists call for "pistols and coffee" they probably want the pistols to make a show of fight, and the coffee to *settle*.

Politicians have a great deal to say about the cares of office, but are in far greater dread of the cares of a private station.

Our perceptions of the high and the holy are clearer in sorrow than in joy. From the depths of dark wells we behold the mid-day stars.

Give a little to those who ask, even though you suspect them to be imposters. It may not do good to them, but it will to you.

The social bond is God's bond. It is the bond of brotherhood which exists between the members of the human family, which is God's family.

When two opposite extremes are presented to you, it is generally safe as well as honorable to play the part of a go-between.

"You may depend upon me, wife; I give you my word." "I had rather you would sometimes *keep* it, sir."

Heaven never intended that we should remain permanently contented with what it is in our own power to improve.

If some enterprising tradesman were to hang out for a sign, "forbidden and dangerous pleasures sold here," what an immense run of custom he would have.

The man who walks "a thousand miles in a thousand hours" is more generally admired than he who walks uprightly through three score years and ten.

Some men's heads are full of acute-angled ideas, every one of them a "fretful porcupine" with one quill.

When a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indolent, and lets him want it.

The sheepshead is a very good kind of fish, but the mutton-head is a very poor specimen of men.

A good housewife's affairs are like a motion to adjourn—"always in order."

"Sir, did you call me a cipher?" "No, but I said you were a figure 9 with its tail cut off."

One half of almost every community is more or less busily engaged in talking at the other half.

The blush of true modesty is like the soul of a rose in the heart of a lily.

God walked in the garden of Eden. The pure man, who cultivates a garden, walks with Him.

He will make the best use of his wealth who esteems his intellect as the best part of it.

The sweetest replies of lip to lip are not breathed in words.

## CURRENT ITEMS.

A party of Mormons, while out hunting not long since, were beset just at night by a large drove of famishing wolves, and had to take to trees. From their secure perches they amused themselves all night in shooting the wolves, and in the morning the ravenous creatures fled. On descending from the trees, the Mormons found nothing but the bones of the wolves they had shot, their surviving comrades having eat them as fast as they fell.

A couple of trappers, on the head waters of the Yellowstone, are reported by an Iowa paper to have had a desperate fight with a large party of savages; the trappers, being protected by a ledge of rocks, did such terrible execution on the Indians with their six-shooter rifles, that the latter soon fled, leaving seventeen of their number dead, and carrying off many wounded.

An old gentleman named Fitzpatrick, seventy-five years of age, while walking recently in fifty-first street, near the Eighth avenue, suddenly fell to the sidewalk and instantly died. On being taken to his residence near by, it was discovered that his death had been occasioned by disease of the heart.

A man, who was laboring under a temporary fit of insanity, leaped from the third-story window of a house in Smith street, Brooklyn, the other night, and strange to say, received not the slightest injury. A sane man would no doubt have been seriously injured and perhaps killed by such a leap.

A party of young men and women, while attempting to cross the Mississippi in an open boat, above Alton, Ill., a short time since, were capsized, and one young lady and her beau were drowned—the latter in attempting to save the life of the former.

A young drunkard who has frequently been seen reeling through the streets of Albany, was discovered lying in the hall of a restaurant one evening recently, at about 11 o'clock; the servants attempted to raise him to his feet, when he was found to be cold and dead.

Three persons—a woman fifty-five years old, a boy eleven years of age, and an infant fourteen months old—recently died in this city on the same day, from the effects of scalds occasioned by the upsetting on them of tubs of hot water.

A young married man, twenty-seven years of age, who was a clerk in an establishment in Dey street, recently committed suicide, by taking laudanum, while laboring under a depression of spirits occasioned by ill health.

A man was robbed, one afternoon recently, while walking along the railroad track about a mile this side of East New York, by three men, who set upon him, and deprived him of over two hundred dollars in gold and bank notes.

A man named Johnson, while attempting to get on a coal train near Philadelphia, one morning a short time ago, fell on the track, and all the cars passing over his legs, cut them both clean off.

A young lady who was riding a spirited horse near New Athens, O., one day not long since, was thrown to the ground, and the horse kicking her in the forehead as she fell, killed her dead on the spot.

An Illinois paper says that an unknown young woman while in a large lumber establishment in Knoxville in that State, suddenly precipitated herself under a circular saw, which instantly severed her body in twain.

An old beggar living in St. Louis, who is reported to have consumed half a bushel of potatoes a day, recently hanged himself because his stock of vegetables had given out.

A few evenings since, an unknown woman fell dead upon the sidewalk in Twenty-sixth street. She was good-looking, apparently about twenty-eight years old, and well dressed.

A young man belonging in Cape May, was recently killed by lightning while on board a schooner in the Gulf Stream.

A young man was killed by lightning, a few days ago, near Fort Hamilton, as he was sitting on a fence with a steel pointed cane in his hand.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861.

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# THE HUNTED FELON;
OR,
# THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

This is the title of an unusually interesting narrative which we shall commence in the next number of the Ledger. The subject is a new one, and we have no doubt the story will please our readers.

◆

## THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION AND THE DAUGHTERS OF GOTHAM.

The prophet Isaiah could be satirical as well as sublime. He rebuked the fine ladies of ancient Judea with withering scorn, denouncing their style of walking the streets, and heaping sarcasm upon their toilet arrangements. In short, he liked neither their manners nor their modes, and intimated as much in more biting terms than any modern preacher would dare to use toward the dashing belles and sumptuous dowagers of New York. And yet it may be reasonably doubted whether the latter are much behind the *élite* of Israel in Isaiah's time, as regards the extravagances of costume. In the third chapter of his "Book," the prophet accuses the daughters of Zion of walking "with stretched forth necks," "mincing as they go." Ancient mincing was probably not unlike modern *teetering*. The ornaments and articles of dress which especially moved the inspired writer's contempt and anger, are thus enumerated:

> "The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls and their *round tires like the moon*, the chains and the bracelets and the mufflers, the bonnets and the ornaments of the legs, and the head bands, and the tablets and the ear rings, the rings and the nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the hoods, and the vails."

Now there are some "notions" in the above list, such as "tinkling ornaments about the feet" and "nose jewels," that are not at present fashionable in civilized society, but in the main the wardrobes and *bijouterie* of the Daughters of Gotham bear a remarkable resemblance to those of the Daughters of Zion three thousand years, or so, ago. The "round tires like the moon" were doubtless hoops, which we may presume from the name given them, were about the same circumference as ordinary wheel tires. The Daughters of Gotham have enlarged upon the Judean model. Chains and bracelets, earrings and head-bands, bonnets, changeable suits,(*i.e.*,dresses of changeable silk,) mantles, crisping-pins (*ergo* curling-tongs,) glasses (meaning looking-glasses,) hoods and vails, are as much in vogue now as they were 1000 years B. C. Isaiah, though he mentions bonnets as among the vanities of his age, says nothing in relation to the *styles* of the period. It is certain, however, that they could not have been more preposterous than are those of the present day.

If the inspired Hebrew could have beheld in prophetic vision the streets of New York in A. D. 1861, what would he have said to the "Daughters of the Land?" The hundreds of yards of costly silks dragged, in ostentatious contempt of cost, over the sidewalks, must full surely have arrested his attention. He would have denounced the sinful waste in terms as severe as those he used in reproving the Daughters of Zion, and recommended, as a more fitting fabric for sweeping the thoroughfares, the "girding of sackcloth," with which he threatened them. Let all lady sidewalk sweepers reflect upon these things—"walking and mincing (or teetering) as they go."

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—That stern moralist, Dr. Johnson, never enjoyed himself so much as when in rapid motion. On one occasion, he said to Boswell, as they were travelling post, "Life has not many things better than this;" and at another time, and that when he was sixty-eight years old, he declared that "if he had no duties and no reference to futurity, he would spend his life in driving briskly in a post-chaise, with a pretty woman."

So remarks Mr. Everett in the pleasant paper from his pen which we publish in this number. And why was Dr. Johnson a "stern moralist?" No doubt his fondness for pure air and out-door exercise did much to preserve the purity of his feelings and the soundness of his judgment. It was by too great neglect of his drives that he occasionally sank into those fits of melancholy and despondency which embittered a part of his latter years. His drives should have been taken daily, and the "pretty woman" ought to have been his wife.

We find evinced among writers in all ages a keen and lively appreciation of the beauty and strength of the horse. What can excel in poetry this thrilling description from Job:

> "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou *clothed his neck with thunder?* Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? *the glory of his nostrils is terrible.* He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength, he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, *Ha, ha!* And he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

The war horse, the powerful draft horse, and the swift horse, all have their excellences. We keep fast horses, because we ride out for our health and pleasure. It is when flying over a smooth road behind them that we experience the "fine feelings" so happily described by Dr. Johnson, relieving our mind from all the cares of business, and bringing us back to our duties refreshed and invigorated.

## THE SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES.

This is a brave world, but somewhat given to lying. During the last thirty years the obscurity which had previously shrouded the sayings and doings of Shakspeare has been supposed to be gradually clearing away, and the private history of the great dramatist, formerly a blank to the literary world, has been apparently breaking out of the cloud in which it was enveloped. The data whence the so-called developments in relation to Shakspeare and his works were derived, and out of which so much capital has been made, now turn out to be arrant forgeries. The controversy about their authenticity, which has so long been waged in England, is at an end. There is no longer a shadow of doubt that they are gross fabrications. An English paper summarily disposes of the entire lot as follows:

> "The Bridgewater MSS. are all forgeries. The Dulwich MSS. are five out of the six forgeries. The Perkins Folio is a forgery. The 1623 Folio, known as the Bridgewater Folio, is annotated with forged notes. The State Paper in the Bundle 222, Elizabeth, 1596, at the State Paper office, Duke-street, Westminster, is a forgery. The page in the Mainwaring Accounts, referring to the production of "Othello" at Harefield in 1602, before Queen Elizabeth, is a forgery. The Coleridge Lectures are also presumed to be false."

Ireland's "Shakspeare forgeries," (consisting only of two or three plays,) unmasked by John Kemble and others, about fifty years ago, sink into insignificance in comparison with these wholesale frauds. The swindle has scarcely a parallel in literary history, and we must go to the criminal calendar, in which the names of such characters as the English Redpath, and the American Schuyler, figure conspicuously, to find its match.

With this collapse, down go the stories about Shakspeare's connexion with the "Blackfriar's Theatre," and the value of his shares therein—his appointment as dramatic instructor of children selected to play before the Queen of James 1st—the letter in his behalf from Lord Southampton, he of the Essex plot—his memorial to the Privy Council, &c.—and it is presumed, Mr. Payne Collier's Shakspeare facts and emendations. All are believed to be utterly spurious. The speculation has probably been as profitable as it has been infamous.

And so, after all, we know next to nothing about the career of the great dramatist. The parish register, his will, and a few legal documents, supply the only facts of any moment in relation to him, of which the world has, or is likely to have, any knowledge. Nothing more, it is thought, can be gleaned from the past, and it will be difficult to humbug the "admirers of Shakspeare" with any new "MSS." for at least half a century to come.

Byron says—

> ——"I've stood upon Achilles' tomb
> And heard Troy doubted."

The doubt was rational. When History and Biography fib so atrociously, who can be blamed for distrusting tradition?

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## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

Although the country is as yet infelicitously damp and spongy, a great many people in the "pent up Uticas" of commerce begin to sniff its vernal freshness with the nose of imagination, and to regard it, through the telescope of fancy, with longing eyes. The question, "Where shall we spend the summer?" is already under discussion in innumerable family councils, and the rural department in the business columns of the morning press, is ransacked daily with the hope of finding proper *premises* for the solution of the problem. If words were things, there would be no difficulty about the matter. "Country board," invested with the rarest charms of rhetoric, invites the street-weary citizen out of town in a hundred directions. Herds seem to low, sheep to bleat, birds to warble, and trout to rush at the fly, through the poetic descriptions of "Delightful Country Residences" to let and for sale, that adorn the pastoral subdivisions of the real-estate chronicle in our principal advertising mediums. As a general thing, however, rural actualities do not *quite* come up to the advertisemental pictures of the parties interested. For example, we have known a house to be advertised as a handsomely furnished country residence, supplied with water on every floor, with lawn, shade trees, good out-buildings, fish pond, abundance of game in the immediate vicinity, &c., &c., which corresponded with its portrait after this fashion: The water on every floor came through the roof; the furniture had the appearance of having just come off a stampede through a thicket of chaparral, so wofully was it scratched and torn; the lawn was a red clay lot, as destitute of grass as an Indian's cheeks of whisker; the out-buildings consisted of a wood-shed and a dog kennel; the fish pond was a green and muddy froggery, where nothing could be caught except fever and ague; and the game was limited to rats, with which the whole place swarmed.

As advertisers frequently make such mistakes under what Amos Kendall called "the excitement of composition," it is usually as well to take a cool survey of the ground before commencing a summer course of rural felicity. No such precaution is necessary as regards fashionable watering-places, however, because everybody knows how much crowding and stifling is to be endured at one of those places of torment, and what it will cost; but some of the "domestic Edens" in the suburbs, that bloom so richly and smell so sweetly through the newspapers, will be very apt to disappoint the hopes of those who fall in love with them as portrayed in print.

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## COMFORT FOR THE LADIES.

This is a cruel climate. It is cruel to cheat the ladies with two or three warm, spring-like days, into donning new bonnets and dresses of delicate tints and ethereal texture, only to send them shivering home by an unexpected blast of wintry wind, with pink noses, and nipped toes and fingers, not to mention the clouds of dust with which their clouds of lace are so plentifully besprinkled. This is a poor reward for their unheard of but none the less unremitting efforts in vying which shall show to the public eye the most perfect costume. Never mind, ladies, so surely as the June roses blow, so surely shall your noses resume their usual tint, and your pretty, be-fringed and rose-lined parasols come into daily requisition. Meantime, be not hasty in rejecting thick-soled shoes and wadded garments, nor grow pettish at the fickleness of old Boreas, who but follows your own motto, *to be no two days alike!*

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## CITY SIGNS OF SPRING.

Spring is here—*here* in the city. We recognize the presence of the Ethereal Nymph by the aroma she diffuses through the streets. She stirs the rich compost in the highways and byways with her fermenting finger, and clouds of volatile alkali, with other gaseous delicacies equally wholesome, are generated by her chemistry out of the vegetable and animal materials kindly left at her disposal by philosophic officials and contractors. Of such vernal exhalations, and of the powdered poison into which the unevaporated portion of the street filth is finally converted, are born Diptheria, Influenza, Coughs, Colds, Congestion of the Lungs, and other "tricksy sprites" that attend our City Spring. This season New York has been liberally favored with their visitations.

# LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

**No. Eighteen.**

## A SNOW STORM.

In a former number of this series, I spoke of the noble element, in its three great forms,—the solid, the fluid, and the vaporous; ice, water and steam. It is now exhibiting itself in a fourth condition, somewhat different from either, under astonishing forms of grandeur and beauty, and probably over near two thousand miles at least of the Continent, perhaps much further. The telegraph will very probably tell us in a day or two, that the storm prevailing around us has covered with five additional feet of snow, the fields of New Brunswick, already buried fathom deep; while the damask roses at Savannah are blushing from under their cold, white wreaths, like a fair, merry cheek from beneath a nun's veil. In the latitude of Massachusetts, the storm commenced on Tuesday, and was suspended yesterday. Here a few broad, wet flakes again began to fall Wednesday evening. Rain and snow struggled with each other during the night, and the streets of New York this morning (21st March) were ankle deep in the treacherous mixture. But as I write, at 2 P. M., the snow prevails. It fills the air, dazzles the sight, settles on the trees and the fences, covers the fields, far as the eye can reach, with its broad, fleecy carpet, chokes up the road-track, and half blinds the horses and their drivers.

Every particle of this immense frozen vapor (which if it came down from the clouds in the compact mass into which it settles upon the earth, would crush with its fearful weight, roof, and arch, and bridge, and tree, and living thing,) went up into the heavens a few days since, in a form too thin for the eye of man. The rays of the sun, and the warm, diffusive atmosphere, drew it up from the surface of the ocean—from river, lake, and moist earth. The "ways, foul" no longer, invited the pedestrian to resume his long suspended walks; the farmer sauntered out into the fields, to see how rapidly they were getting ready for the plough, by giving up their superfluous moisture to the clouds; and the blue birds began to chirp the signal of Spring. But a colder stratum of air,—charged perhaps with an opposite electricity,—meets the ascending vapors; a shock beginning at the South West and travelling to the North East, runs through the atmosphere, certainly for thousands of miles, and in all probability from the tropic to the polar circle, and turns the opaque ascending particles of vapor into sparkling crystals.

For these flakes of snow, though as they fall to the ground, they may be beaten out of their original shape, by being driven against each other and partially melted as they pass into the warmer atmosphere near the earth, are in their original form as regularly shaped as crystals of quartz or diamond. Every one of those myriads of particles, which no doubt are filling the sky and covering the ground for thousands of square miles from Georgia to Labrador, and which have been called into being in a moment by entering a colder stratum of air, is moulded with geometrical accuracy,—spicular, lanceolate, striated, star-shaped, rhomboidal, cruciform, hexagonal,—by the hand of the Divine Artificer. The groined arches which support ponderous cathedral roofs; the cog-wheels of chronometers which do not lose or gain a tenth of a minute in crossing the Atlantic; the divisions of a vernier scale, which reads to a second of time, are not cut and shaped with greater nicety, than the points and angles of a snow flake in its first crystalization.

I confess I love a snow storm in its gentler aspects. There is something soothing to the feelings in its strange, weird, steady, quiet fall. The eye takes in more of the phenomenon than of the equally marvellous, but to the sight less conspicuous, falling rain. The winged flakes are more distinctly seen than the fluid drops, and bear witness to a higher alchemy in the celestial laboratory. A steady rain has generally, and I imagine on most minds, rather a depressing effect. But a snow storm is proverbially "merry," and with most persons has a cheery influence on the spirits.

The poets have drawn some of their most pleasing imagery from the snow. Shakespeare's pages are white with it. It is one of his most favorite sources of comparison and illustration. Where he once makes use of the diamond, the ruby, the amethyst, or any other of the brilliant gems, he draws his illustrations twice from the snow. The only gem which he loves with equal fondness is that which comes nearest to it, "the melting pearl." It is "snow,"

> "*Consecrated snow,*
> That lies on Dian's lap."

Imogen is as chaste as "*unsunned snow*;" Romeo in the dark is

> "Whiter than new snow on a raven's back;"

and the sad "dowry" which Hamlet promises Ophelia is that

> "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
> Thou shalt not escape calumny."

This fondness of Shakespeare for snow, as a source of imagery, becomes the more significant, when we consider that it abounds far less in that climate than in ours. Although there is occasionally a heavy fall of snow in England, it often happens, especially in the southern and central counties, that, during the whole winter, the ground is not fairly covered, and there never has been snow enough to lead to the general introduction of vehicles on runners. Never, I imagine, to the same extent as in America, is there beheld in England the gorgeous spectacle of forest and grove, when a fall of snow has been followed by a cold rain, and that by a nipping frost, and the leafless branches glitter like corridors and arches of crystal and silver in the enchanted palaces of fairy land, gleaming in all the prismatic jewelry of December.

Thomson describes a snow storm with magnificent breadth and vigor, but chiefly in its dreary and painful associations:—

> "The keener tempests rise, and fuming dun
> From all the livid East, or piercing North,
> Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
> A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.
> Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
> And the sky saddens with the gathered storm."

After picturing the aspect of inanimate nature—

> "Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
> Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
> The works of man,"

he paints the "drooping laborer-ox," "covered o'er with snow;" the "fowls of Heaven, tamed with the cruel season;" the famished red-breast venturing for food through an opened window; the hare, though "timorous of heart," driven down by hunger to the village gardens; "the bleating kind" who

> "Eye the bleak Heaven and next the glistening Earth
> With looks of dumb despair; then sad-dispersed
> Dig for the withered herb, through heaps of snow;"

while the last of these dreary images exhibits the peasant, who has lost his way in a snow-storm, on "the trackless plain," till, after long and hopeless wandering, he sinks down, despairing and heart-broken, his last agonizing thoughts flying to his cottage; the fond, officious wife, the blazing fire, the warm garment, the little children peeping out into the storm, and demanding their sire "with tears of artless innocence," till at length,

> "on every nerve
> The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
> And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
> Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse."

Cowper is far more cheerful in his descriptions of snow, and it is a little remarkable that the poetry of this poor victim of disease, bodily and mental, who scarce knew an hour of health or hope, abounds far more in scenes and images of serene and home-felt pleasure, than that of Thomson, who enjoyed a pension of three hundred pounds a year, and lived with the great and the gay. With an antithesis between fortune and the muse not rare with the poets, Cowper habitually took refuge from his depressing doubts and sorrows, in the devout interpretation of everything for good. In this frame of mind he sees in the snow the protection of vegetable nature from the rigors of the frost:

> "Fast falls a fleecy shower; the downy flakes
> Descending, and with never ceasing lapse,
> Softly alighting upon all below,
> Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
> Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green
> And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
> Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil."

The noble snow-storm which, as I look out upon it, is rapidly increasing, blows from the North-East, but when we get the accounts of it from the South-West, we shall find that it *began* there. Such is observed to be the case of our North-Easterly storms. This curious law, as is generally known, was first noticed by Dr. Franklin, but the manner in which he was led to its discovery is perhaps not so generally known, and is worth mentioning, as a pleasing instance of prompt and sagacious observation, ever on the alert to trace results to their causes.

> "Some years ago," says Franklin, writing from Philadelphia to a friend, in 1750, "there was an eclipse of the moon at nine o'clock in the evening, which I intended to observe; but before night a storm blew up at North-East, and continued violent all night and all next day; the sky thick clouded, dark, and rainy, so that neither moon nor stars could be seen. The storm did a great deal of damage all along the coast, for we had accounts of it in the newspapers from Boston, Newport, New York, Maryland and Virginia; but what surprised me was, to find in the Boston Newspaper, an account of an observation of the eclipse made *there*; for I thought as the storm came from the North-East, it must have begun sooner at Boston than with us, and consequently have prevented such observation. I wrote to my brother about it, and he informed me, that the eclipse was over there an hour before the storm began. Since which I have made enquiries from time to time of travellers, and of my correspondents North-Eastward and South-Westward, and observed the accounts in the newspapers from New England, New York, Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina, and I find it to be a constant fact, that North-East storms begin to leeward, and are often more violent there than further to windward."*

Nor is the reason assigned by Franklin for this law of our North-Easterly storms less philosophical than the fact itself is curious. The moving cause of these storms he finds in the rarefaction of the air over a large tract of country, land and water, viz.: Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, produced by the action of the sun, during several days of clear warm weather, while at the same time, the country at the North-East—Pennsylvania, New York, New England, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland is covered with clouds, and the air consequently chilled and condensed. In this state of things, the warm air, over the tract of land and water at the South, must rise, and the cooler air immediately North of it, rush in, to prevent a vacuum. This movement is the commencement of the storm, which will of course be propagated North-Easterly—that direction rather than one due North, being caused by the mountain range, which runs in the same direction. Dr. Franklin supposes the rate at which the storm travels backward to be about a hundred miles an hour.*

Such is the power of genius! The storm, which prevented his observing an eclipse of the moon, a phenomenon of familiar occurrence, leads Franklin to the discovery of a law in meteorology, never before observed; and this law, with the aid of the electric telegraph, which may be claimed as the ultimate result of Franklin's sublime experiment, will enable the navigator about to put to sea, to foretell the approaching hurricane, and remain safely in port till it is past!

Our English brethren say that we Americans are destitute of innocent and healthful amusements, but our cold winters certainly furnish the juveniles with sports unknown in milder latitudes. Not to speak now of skating, the moment the ground is well covered with snow, in the Northern and middle States, every hill side is alive with the *coasters*, whose very name is unknown in England. From the toddling urchin five years old, who bravely launches down the garden terrace, three and a half feet high, on his seven-by-nine sled, while delighted mamma contemplates the feat with admiration from the window, confident her little lisper will one day be President, up to the strapping school-boy ready for college, the whole male population, and not seldom a buxom lassie among them, is flitting down the sides of every eminence steep enough to give the requisite momentum. The fresh bracing air, the animation of the course and the exhilarating competition of rival sleds: Dart, Firefly, Comet, Eagle, Gazelle, and Di Vernon; the transition at short intervals from labor to rest, in the alternate tug up hill and course down, make this at once the most joyous of exercises and healthful of sports. That stern moralist, Dr. Johnson, never enjoyed himself so much as when in rapid motion. On one occasion, he said to Boswell, as they were travelling post, "Life has not many things better than this;" and at another time, and that when he was sixty-eight years old, he declared that, "if he had no duties and no reference to futurity, he would spend his life in driving briskly in a post-chaise, with a pretty woman," judiciously adding, however, that "she should be one who could understand him and add something to the conversation." If rapid motion was so delightful to the austere sage in the decline of life, what must it not be to joyous youth? When Gray, in his lovely ode on "a distant prospect of Eton College," recalls the sports of his school-boy days, he remembers only bathing in the Thames, catching birds, driving hoop and cricket. These are very well, except "enthralling the captive linnet;" but what are they compared with a joyous company of playmates, assembled some frosty December evening beneath a full moon, or a cloudless sky blazing with ten billion stars; dashing down a hill a quarter of a mile in length, after the snow is worn to ice; on a steel-shod sled, whose runners are as smooth as a razor; face downward, (the boys have a name for the position, rather expressive than elegant, and not found in Webster or Worcester,) with the speed of a race-horse?

When we speak, however, of the cheerful aspect and character of a snow-storm, we contemplate it only under its usual limitations in our temperate regions, and even there the beautiful and the beneficent are sometimes turned by excess (and where are they not?) into the terrific and the deadly. Even the railroad trains between New York and Boston are sometimes delayed or wholly obstructed, by a heavy fall of snow, occasionally to the serious inconvenience, sometimes to the great distress of the traveller; and that notwithstanding the frequent towns and villages and the dense population which lines the route. Far off on the Western prairies, the same cause, if I mistake not, has more than once produced disastrous and even fatal effects. A furious snow-storm in the Arctic regions, when the whole atmosphere is converted into a thick, driving, blinding, petrifying, almost solid mass, is one of the most fearful characteristics of the polar wastes. The snow-storms in Russia in 1812 performed an all-important part in the downfall of the first Napoleon, Alison to the contrary notwithstanding. The approach of winter was later that year than usual. The weather till the second week of October, was like "September at Fontainebleau;" a dreamy haze prevailed in the air, like our own Indian Summer. The anxious Russians, deserted as they thought by their great natural ally, feared that the elements were in league with the invader. But on the 13th of October snow fell; on the 26th that terrible retreat began,—a catastrophe unsurpassed in the annals of war;—and on the 6th of November, winter in all its terrors set in. Alison shall tell the rest:

> "Cold fogs first rose from the surface of the ground and obscured the heretofore unclouded face of the sun. A few flakes of snow next began to float in the atmosphere, and filled the army with dread. Gradually the light of day declined, and a thick, murky darkness overspread the firmament. The wind soon after rose, and ere long blew with frightful violence, howling through the forests or sweeping over the plains with resistless fury. The snow fell in thick and continued showers, which soon covered the earth with an impenetrable clothing, confounding all objects together, and leaving the army to wander in the dark through an icy desert. Great numbers of soldiers, in struggling to get forward, fell into hollows or ditches, which were concealed by the treacherous surface, and perished miserably before the eyes of their comrades. Others were swallowed up in the moving snow-hills, which, like the sands of the desert, preceded the blasts of death. To fall was certain destruction; the severity of the tempest speedily checked respiration, and the snow accumulating round the sufferer, soon formed a little sepulchre for his remains. The road and the fields in its vicinity were rapidly strewn with these melancholy eminences; and the succeeding columns found the surface rough and almost impassable, from the multitude of these icy mounds that lay upon the route.
>
> "Accustomed as the soldiers had been to death in its ordinary forms there was something singularly appalling in the uniformity of the snowy wilderness, which like a vast winding sheet seemed ready to envelope the remains of the whole army. Exhausted by fatigue, or pierced by the cold, they sank by thousands on the road, casting a last look upon their comrades, and pronouncing with their dying breath the names of those most dear to them. Clouds of ravens, like the birds which are only seen when a shipwreck is at hand, issued from the forest and hovered over the dying remains of the soldiers, while troops of dogs, which had followed the army from Moscow, driven to fury by suffering, howled in the rear, and often fell upon the victims before life was extinct. The only objects that rose above the snow were tall pines, whose gigantic stems and funeral foliage cast a darker horror over the scene, and seemed destined to mark the grave of the army, amid the death-like uniformity of the wilderness.†

Whatever else may be said of the snow, one would have thought, till late years, that there could be no dispute about its being white. Captain Ross, however, found on the shores of Baffin's Bay a range of cliffs, covered with snow of such a color that he called them the "crimson cliffs," and they have since been seen by other Arctic voyagers, our own Kane among the rest. This remarkable snow-bank, as seen by Captain Ross, was eight miles long and six hundred feet high; and the party sent on shore to examine it reported that the snow was penetrated even down to the rock, in many places, to a depth of twelve feet, by the coloring matter.

Portions of this crimson snow were brought home by Captain Ross, and snow tinted in the same way has been found in the Alps and other localities in Europe. The red globules which occasion this strange appearance, vary from the respectable size of the one-thousandth to the one three-thousandth part of an inch in diameter. The botanists regard them as a vegetable growth, the zoologists find them, or at least a portion of them, to consist of animalculæ of five or six different kinds, each with a hard name. Whether they are *Protococcus nivalis*, or *Philodina roseola*, is still somewhat uncertain. They indeed seem to belong to those lower orders of being, in which animal and vegetable life shade into each other. Mr. Agassiz, however, makes the fine remark, that it follows from the observations of the physiologists who have examined this curious substance, that "the snow, as well as the ice, instead of being a lifeless element, is peopled by myriads of minute beings, not less perfect in their kind than those of the Land and the Sea."‡

*Brooklyn, (N. Y.) March* 21, 1861.

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* Sparks' works of Franklin, vol. VI., p. 105, 221.

† Alison's History of Europe, XI., p. 139.

‡ Agassiz. Système glaciaire, p. 137.

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## THE DRESS QUESTION.

It is quite as foolish to decry dress as it is to make dress the first object in life. A proper attention to it is not only necessary but praiseworthy. We speak advisedly when we say necessary. We believe that a person, male or female, seeking employment, who is modestly, neatly, and becomingly attired, will stand a much better chance of securing a situation than one who repels by slovenliness and carelessness of dress. Nor does this necessarily involve an expensive outlay; as combs, water and towels are not even in *such* circumstances quite unattainable; nor is a neatly mended or threadbare garment, carefully put on, of necessity inconsistent with a good appearance. A person may spend hundreds upon dress and yet always look untidy; while that person who counts every penny as it goes may look much better even in his well-worn suit. In short, our moral is—avoid *extremes* in talking, dressing, eating, drinking, and every other duty or occupation of life.

Fanny Fern.

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## CANES.

Why should a *young* man carry a cane? Does the charm consist in its self-planting property to stick fast in some hole or crevice of the sidewalk, jerking the owner up short at some unexpected moment? Or is it because it is considered good for the head and back to stoop often to pick it up, when jostled from the hand by some hurried pedestrian? Or is it considered a clever trick to stick it under the arm, and then wheel suddenly into a bevy of astonished ladies, who have their hands full to keep their eyes from immediate extinction? Or is it that a vigorous bang on the sidewalk with this utensil gives force to male argument; or that describing a circle in the air with it, is considered to finish a sentence more gracefully than words could do? Or is it because most young men are at a dead loss what to do with their hands? *That's it!*

Fanny Fern.

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The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

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Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious, profane, or vulgar thought may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust that no after-efforts can efface.

**Rejected Manuscripts.**—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

### TWO BIRDS.

BY ALICE CARY.

In the blithe and budding weather
Of an April-time of yore,
Two wild birds sat together
In the peach-tree at my door.

And each was gaily furnished,
And in beauty all complete,
From the topknot brightly burnished
To the rosy little feet.

Now under shadows winging,
And now hopping forth to view,
To the other each was singing—
Thus, the prouder of the two—

Thus only—"Pretty! Pretty!"
In a low, caressing strain,
While in answer, "Sweety! Sweety!"
Softly sounded back again.

The buds to flowers were starting,
And the young leaves came in sight,
While they stayed together courting
In the peach-tree, but one night,

They vanished. Swift with duties
Ran the time into the past,
Till I found my truant beauties,
As I knew I should, at last.

Making tender, twittering hushes,
That were sweet as any words,
Flying in and out the bushes
With a flock of little birds.

The snow stayed all unmelted,
And the winds of winter beat
On the boughs that lately tilted
Under rosy little feet;

When I heard a bird, thus crying,
From the cold and frozen ground,
To the mate above him flying
Half-distracted, round and round:

"My wings are stiff and sleety,
I am dying in my bed—
I am dying, darling." "Sweety."
That was every thing she said.

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# THE HARLOW ESTATE.

## ITS HEIRS--REAL AND PRETENDED.

### A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "PRISONER OF THE BORDER," "BELL BRANDON," "THE VAN VELDENS," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

The fair prisoner, (for such Evelyn virtually was,) kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Binney, by means of which she fully expected to receive timely notice of anything which Seth might require of her in connection with the contemplated suit. That her letters to and from Aunt Ally were all regularly opened by "the home government," and that only those were permitted to reach either party which could impart no dangerous information, she did not suspect, and yet even this was not the limit of domestic despotism and treachery towards her.

An adroit imitation of one of the kind widow's epistles was imposed upon her, which had been carefully copied from an original, retaining all its unimportant parts, and with the additional "latest information" direct from Mr. Lynde, that several months must yet elapse before he could begin "Herbert's suit," and that, owing to the law's delays, it could not possibly come to trial sooner than the next summer.

Promising to keep her fully informed of everything which Mr. Lynde thought important, assuring her of Herbert's welfare, and begging her to keep up her spirits, &c., the letter closed with the usual formula.

As the greater part of this epistle was an exact copy of the language of the genuine one, and a close imitation of its chirography, and as the added portion retained the same style of phraseology, and like it, was utterly without punctuation or capitals, except in the wrong place, Evelyn did not for a moment doubt its authenticity.

The young lady's reply to this letter of course underwent a similar transmutation; but such a state of things could not long continue, without awakening suspicion in the discerning mind of Seth, to whom Evelyn's letters were always freely shown. He saw that Aunt Ally's inquiries were not always answered, that some of her news items in regard to Herbert's affairs were not referred to; and especially that Miss Sitterly took no notice of the circumstance, which had been duly reported to her, that he, Seth Lynde, had been several weeks absent from town. He began to fear that something was wrong, and that Evelyn would not return to the city before the trial, which was to take place in October, notwithstanding her earnest assurances (through her *medium*, Mrs. Sitterly), that she kept herself fully informed of the progress of affairs, and that she would be in town at the requisite time.

He did not indeed suspect that this was a forged letter, and that Evelyn was really still ignorant that the suit had been commenced, but he knew that he had an unscrupulous and unprincipled woman to deal with, and he did not dare to relax his vigilance at any point where so much was at stake. He resolved to write at once to Evelyn, and to attempt to find a messenger who should ensure the delivery of his letter, and, if possible, procure a reply from her own hands.

This would be no easy matter to accomplish if such an espionage was kept over the young lady as he supposed, and it was many days before a favorable opportunity offered for making the attempt.

The summer was near its close, but when others were making preparations to return to town, Mrs. Sitterly remained a contented dweller on the bank of the Hudson, declaring herself unable to give up the tranquil beauty of the country. Its pure fresh air was so greatly benefitting them all, and especially poor Evelyn, whose general health was greatly improved, although she regretted to say that her mind still showed strong signs of aberration.

Thus she talked to her fashionable friends, some of whom "took" her house in their way home from more distant quarters, and all of whom gave the politest credence to her story, and expressed unbounded sympathy for the afflicted daughter

"Her physician recommends the utmost quiet, and a free access to all the soothing influences of Nature," said the mother, poetically.

"Ah, yes—that is very sensible advice."

"So that she roams at will over hill and dale, and along the bright streams, but of course always carefully attended and *watched*."

"Ah, of course—*that* is very necessary."

"Very—though, to do the poor child justice, I must say that she has never shown the least propensity to violence, unless sometimes *in language*."

Mrs. Sitterly's friends were "very glad" and "very sorry," and very everything which her words or looks indicated a desire that they should be. In short, they were very obsequious.

Evelyn, meanwhile, relieved temporarily from any pressing anxiety about Herbert, and growing hopeful of the future, both for herself and for one whose pure, generous heart and upright character had grown daily dearer to her, as she reflected upon them amid these pleasant solitudes, Evelyn *was* improving in health, both of mind and body.

She was growing stronger in resolution, stronger in faith and trust in the Great Disposer—and better able both to discern the wrongs which were inflicted on her, and to bear them meekly.

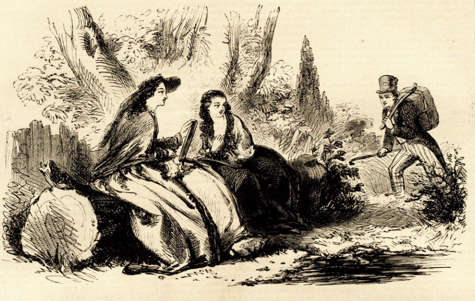
On a bright September morning, an incident occurred to vary the now even tenor of her life. She had walked out, accompanied by her usual train, Sarah the sad, little Becky, and a huge frolicsome dog of Blass's, which always followed her, if allowed to—and to which she gave a decided preference over its master. Simon, who had grown meek under many rebuffs, but who did not yet despair of Evelyn, was in fact rather flattered by the attentions bestowed upon his dog, who, he thought, might in time pave the way for *him*.

Miss Sitterly had reached one of her favorite resorts, and, seated on the projecting root of a large tree, the branches of which overhung a sparkling brook, she was engaged on a sketch of landscape which she had had many days under her crayon. Becky was now at her side watching her, and now off in the distance gathering flowers, and, together with the playful dog, unconsciously forming a feature in the picture which was growing under Evelyn's hands, and Sarah stood at a little distance, erect and dignified, moodily gazing into the stream, and wondering when the tiresome girl would have done, when a new and unexpected actor entered upon the scene.

Bending under the weight of a pack which rested on his shoulders, a tall, gaunt man was seen crossing the fields from the direction of the highway, and approaching the rustic party with the slow steps of a wearied traveller.

Evelyn's first impression was that he was an Italian organ-grinder; but, as he drew nearer, it became evident that he was a peddler of small wares, and she at once arose with the intention of retreating homeward, to which course she was urged by a violent pantomime on the part of the grim servant girl.

But as she glanced again toward the intruder, and saw a good-natured face, flushed with heat and fatigue, turned appealingly towards her, she resolved to stay and purchase something of the poor fellow, whatever his commodities might prove to be.



THE BOOK-PEDDLER.

The shocked Sarah, now more than ever convinced that her young mistress was a lunatic, could not be induced to come any nearer to the dangerous stranger; but Evelyn was supported by Becky and Bounce, who had ranged themselves wonderingly at her side, the latter uttering a few interrogative barks, and seeming uncertain whether the visitor was entitled to a hostile or friendly reception.

"Be quiet, Bounce," said Evelyn, as the peddler, with a civil salutation, stopped at a few yards distance from the group, and lowering his pack, asked the young lady if he could sell her any books.

Though Sarah shook her head furiously in the distance, Miss Sitterly smiled and replied:

"Books? oh yes—please to let me see what you have?"

The man hastily opened his bundle, saying:

"They are chiefly children's books Miss, but I have a few of the latest romances. There is Dickens's last work, which I think you will find contains much that is highly interesting.

As he spoke he partly opened the novel which he had named, and held it so that only Evelyn could discover the contents, when, to her great astonishment, she saw, pinned to a leaf of the volume, a letter directed to herself.

She hastily closed the book and said—for she knew that she was closely watched:

"I will take this certainly, and I have no doubt, as you say, that I shall find it interesting, but I have not my purse with me. Will you—come again?"

She looked expressively at the stranger as she said this, and she met a pair of laughing, twinkling eyes, which proclaimed very plainly that their owner understood something about the nature of the errand on which he had been sent.

"Oh yes, Madam," he replied, "it is the business of such as me to go and come where we are wanted, and often where we are not wanted. I will be along here again to-morrow about this hour, and you can pay me then."

"'Taint worth while to trouble the man to come agin," muttered Sarah, advancing a little, "let Becky run and get the money."

"I do not like to do that."

"I will go myself, then."

"What—and leave me alone with this stranger, Sarah?" said Evelyn, in a low voice.

"No, that won't do to be sure. Well—well, let him go," continued the servant aloud. "He can call round at the back door any time for the money. He needn't follow us out here agin, givin' us all sich a terrible fright."

"Let the—gentleman suit himself about that. You know that I walk out here every fine morning—and if," she added, mindful that she must devise some mode of returning an answer unperceived, "if I should desire to change this book for something that I like better when you come again——"

The bright eyes laughed all over now, in a most knowing way, and with a twinkle which would have been a wink if it had dared.

"Oh, yes, most certainly you shall be at full liberty to change it."

"Ah, very well. Thank you. Good morning, sir"

"Good morning, ma'am;" and the peddler shouldered his pack and departed, leaving Evelyn's ascetic warder not a little indignant that he had not asked for her custom.

It need scarcely be said that Miss Sitterly did not find much more to interest her out of doors, beautiful as the morning was; and after a little while she returned to the house; and in the solitude of her own room she quickly broke the seal of her mysterious epistle.

It was, as she had anticipated, from Seth Lynde, and the facts which it revealed at once opened her eyes to the system of deception which had been practised upon her and her friends, and showed the undoubted determination of her custodians to prevent her appearing as a witness in the approaching trial.

By duplicity if possible, by force if necessary, she was now certain they would seek to effect this object; and although she greatly feared that she could not defeat it, she resolved to co-operate in any attempt which her lover should make for that purpose.

She was delighted to learn that the great suit was to be brought to so speedy a trial, and that Seth expressed considerable confidence in the result, provided he could get the full benefit of her testimony, in addition to that of which he was already sure.

He would send a subpœna as soon as possible, he said, in order to lay the foundation for more compulsory process, unless Miss Sitterly was certain that she would soon be in town, but he could not do so just yet.

Evelyn replied at great length, and after informing Seth fully of the deceptions which had been practised on them, she advised that no steps should be taken which should induce Mrs. Sitterly to suspect that her fraud had been discovered. "Let no subpœna be sent," she wrote, "or let it be served as secretly as the letter was delivered. Mrs. S. believes me to be fully impressed with the idea that the trial is not to take place until next spring or summer, and you to be equally confident of my arrival in town in a few weeks. Let her rest in this opinion. It will disarm vigilance, and will make it comparatively easy for me to avail myself of any mode which you may devise for my escape and journey to New York at the necessary time. A contrary course would probably result *in my sprict seclusion* where no process could be served on me, (you see I have learned your law phrases,) or perhaps in my being spirited away to a distant part of the country. They have even talked of sending me abroad 'for my health' with father. Blass recommends it highly; but I am resolved thst nothing of this kind shall be done that force or outcries of mine can prevent. Yet what would these avail if I am to be branded as a lunatic, as I sometimes think is intended?" Poor Evelyn little imagined how fully this character had already been fastened upon her; how her physician, her servants, and the visitors of the family had all been imbued with the belief, and had all aided to disseminate it. She found no difficulty in meeting the pretended peddler on the ensuing day, and putting her letter in his possession unperceived by her attendants. She had only to change her book for another, concealing the important missive, like Seth's, within the leaves of the volume. As she paid for the book, the stranger said:

"It is possible I may come this way again, and if so, I suppose I may count on your custom."

Evelyn was really embarrassed at the roguish look which accompanied this remark, and she quite blushed as she replied:

"Oh, yes, sir. Books are scarce here in the country, and I shall always be happy to buy something of you."

Having selected a picture book or two, both to gratify the expecting Becky and to give more color to the transaction, she permitted the messenger to depart, though not without some sense of humiliation, and almost of guilt, at being a party to an act of deceit. Yet she had acted quite conscientiously, and, she believed, justifiably, for one in her state of duress, and one upon whom rested so large a responsibility for the rights of others.

During the few weeks which intervened before the sitting of the court at which the great trial was to take place, the peddler's visits were not infrequent, and Lynde and his fair witness maintained quite a brisk correspondence.

Mrs. Sitterly continued desperately in love with the country, and she would not hear of returning to New York, excepting to make brief visits to her town house, where she always saw her managing counsel, and assisted him not a little in deciding upon the defence of the case, and upon the witnesses who were to be called.

She was quite as anxious now as the opposite party could be to hasten the trial, which both herself and her lawyers were confident must result in a speedy and mortifying failure on the part of the plaintiff. Seth, she thought, relying upon the assurances of Evelyn's timely return, which were contained in the forged letters, (still another having been sent, which was designed to be quite satisfactory on that point,) would make no effort to secure his main witness, until it was too late. If otherwise, she was still prepared with proof of Evelyn's mental aberation, and consequent incapacity to testify credibly in the cause.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

The important week came, in which the great case was to be brought to trial. It was the second week of the session; the case had been passed once on the calendar by agreement of counsel, and had been set down for Wednesday, leaving no uncertainty as to its being called on that day. This precautionary step had been taken at Mrs. Sitterly's instance, for purposes of her own, and had been brought about by her astute lawyer, Mr. Bight, by great management and finesse, as he believed; but really he had only "cajoled" Seth into doing what the latter was himself most desirous to accomplish, but had not dared to propose.

Mrs. Sitterly's town-house had not been closed during the summer. It had been left in charge of two of the servants, and was always in readiness for any of the family during the frequent trips to the city, which they had occasion to make. All inquirers had been assured for many days past, of the immediate return of the family; and yet on this second Monday of October, they had not yet arrived!

Nor were there any signs of breaking up at their country seat on that or the succeeding day.

Yet there was some note of preparation on Tuesday morning, for Mrs. Sitterly was going to town on that afternoon; but it was given out in the family that she was to remain in the city only one night, and would return the next day.

"Perhaps I shall," said the lady to her husband. "Bight and Blass both think the case will break down in a very early stage, and that we shall never even be put upon our defence."

"No doubt of it; yet they'll probably manage to spin it out for a few days—perhaps in hopes of a proposition to pay something."

"You see their main witness will be absent."

"Yes."

"Quietly employed up here reading, sketching, embroidering, and what not, and never dreaming of a trial."

"Yes—oh yes."

"And being so sure from her letters (*her* letters, ha! ha!) that she is to be there, and that she is not under the least restraint, they have not even subpœnaed her."

"Yes—I see."

"And, having made this great omission, Bight says it is utterly impossible for them to get the case put off to give them time to get her. Especially as the fact which they want to show by Evelyn, is merely a matter of opinion, which, if true, ought to be susceptible of proof by scores of witnesses. In other words, he says that the wheels of—ah—judicial business are not to be blocked to obtain just one more witness on a mere question of identity, when the plaintiff has exercised no diligence in obtaining her. Do you understand? I dare say you do not—but it's all the same."

"I think I comprehend you, though you are getting to be most too much of a lawyer for me. But, suppose Seth should send a subpœna yet? Don't you suppose that to-morrow, when he finds we are in town without her, he will send an officer directly here?"

"Yes, *I do:* and that's just what I am going to tell you about. She must be kept out of the way, and you must see that no one has access to her to serve any papers upon her."

"Ah, yes."

"That is the reason you will have to stay at home. It is about as important a duty as you can perform in the matter, and really it is *very* important."

"Oh, yes, of course."

"If you should be wanted there, Bight can telegraph to you any hour; and at all events I shall keep you informed as often as twice a day how the affair progresses."

"But Evelyn——?"

"*Will keep her room strictly, day and night, until my return.* It is a very high one; the locks are strong and of peculiar make, (I myself had them put on,) and Sarah is a perfect female Cerberus, or whatever you call it."

"Very good; but if an officer comes——"

"He has no right nor power to break in the house to serve a subpœna. Bight and Blass say so, and there is Joe and you and Blass's big dog to stop him."

"But on what pretext will you lock Evelyn up?"

"She need not be *locked* in excepting nights, unless an officer comes, or unless she refuses to obey the doctor's orders to keep her room."

"Oh, the doctor's orders?"

"Certainly. He is to come this morning and make new prescriptions. Evelyn has had too much freedom and exercise lately. Her nerves are affected by it. She will have some new medicine, and strict quietude recommended for the next few days."

"You seem to anticipate the physician's opinions with great confidence," replied Frederick, laughing.

"I *pay* for his opinions," answered the wife, "and I think I am entitled to have them to suit me."

The physician came, and he did not disappoint his distinguished patroness in his docility and readiness to adopt her views. Evelyn *had* run rather too freely, he said; she must try the other tack now. Change was the great law of nature. Rest must follow exercise, and exercise succeed rest. She had had so much liberty, he thought nothing less than three or four days' entire seclusion would now be required to preserve the equilibrium of the system, physical and mental, and restore it to its proper tone.

So he talked in a very soft, cooing voice, while Mrs. Sitterly nodded approval, and Frederick, who was also present, sucked the head of his cane, and looked everywhere excepting into his daughter's face.

Evelyn did not object. She listened smilingly, and replied:

"You persist in treating me as an invalid, when I am conscious of no illness. But if I must stay in for three or four days——"

"Perhaps more," interposed Mrs. Sitterly, quickly.

"Perhaps more," echoed the doctor. "It is possible. I will see her at the end of that time, and then decide."

"Let me," added Evelyn, "at least have my usual walk this morning. Becky, you see, is all ready. Sarah is waiting below, and even Bounce would be disappointed if we did not come, for I hear him barking for us."

"Quite lively and—coherent," said the doctor aside to the step-mother.

"Yes—remarkably. Well, Evelyn," replied Mrs. Sitterly, who was not to start for town within several hours yet, "I have no objection to your going out once more—your usual walk, you know."

"Thank you," replied the daughter, and in a very few minutes she was arrayed, and went forth, followed by the delighted Rebecca.

The step-mother had consented to this request the more freely, because she wanted a last look at Evelyn's trunks and escritoire before leaving for town.

She had long possessed duplicates of the young lady's keys, and she knew how, with nimble touch, to turn over and lift the most delicate of drapery without leaving any trace of her handling.

She had never found any of her daughter's correspondence excepting a few letters from Aunt Ally, of which she had already had the manipulation, but she thought she might possibly discover something else, although she scarcely expected it.

Miss Sitterly, until recently, had not thought it possible that her lofty step-mother could stoop to this depth of baseness. She doubted the point now, but as her keys were of peculiar construction, and as she had never discovered the smallest sign of such depredations, she thought that none had been made or would be attempted.

She had two or three of Seth's recent letters, which, to "make assurance doubly sure," she had been in the habit of taking from her trunk when she went, and carrying about her person. But she could not do so this morning without observation, her parents and the doctor being in the room, and as she thought the risk very slight, she braved it, fearing to tarry lest her permission to go out might be countermanded.

Considerable time elapsed before Mrs. Sitterly was able to begin her explorations, as the doctor, who was rather prolix in conversation, and did not readily take hints, sat full half an hour after his patient went out.

There was a new prescription to be made also, on the great lady's suggestion, which the medical man said would have a tendency to "keep down the volatile element in the patient—to repress any excess of vitality, in short, 'not to make too fine a point of it,' it would make her very glad to keep her room for a few days, if it did not (which he thought it possibly might) quite incapacitate her from going out."

Mrs. Sitterly was charmed with her man, but now it was absolutely necessary he should go, and having politely bowed him out, and stationed a servant to give her warning of Evelyn's return, she locked herself in the room, (her husband had long since gladly made his escape,) and began her search with great diligence.

Leaving her thus employed, let us take a glimpse of Evelyn's morning recreations. She had gone out with a flushed and excited air, which even the stolid Sarah had not failed to observe, although she had considered it only one of the phases assumed by her mental disease, and she had resolved to watch her more closely than usual. When the young lady had gained her favorite resort, the tree and the brook, her disturbed manner was by no means allayed; she seemed quite unable to fix her mind upon her drawing or her book, and her air, when she was addressed, or was speaking, was nearly that of one distracted.

Even Becky observed it, and was quite frightened, but Sarah, not at all surprised, told her in a solemn "aside" that she was in one of her fits, and must not be crossed.

Momentarily the young lady was looking away from her sketch and the subject of it, and was directing her gaze towards the highway; and it was not long before the object of her search appeared.

With his pack as before, though a far lighter one this time, the book-peddler was approaching, stooping a great deal more than his small load seemed to render necessary, but this was doubtless from long habit. It had been nearly a week since his last visit, and Evelyn seemed quite glad to see him.

Could he sell the young lady, *or either of the ladies*, anything to-day? he asked, with suavity. He had grown politer than on any of his former visits, and Sarah was evidently mollified. Evelyn wanted to buy, she said; indeed, she was quite eager to get several new works which she named. Had he them? "Certainly; but not just here."

"Where are they?"

"In my wagon in the street yonder. If the young lady will take the trouble to go so far, she can pick and choose."

"Oh, certainly I will go," said Evelyn, in a voice which trembled very unnecessarily for so simple an announcement.

"And perhaps this lady will amuse herself looking over two or three of these books while we are are gone," said the stranger, handing out some of his literary wares.

"Thank you, sir, you are very kind, and I doesn't like to disobleege, sir, but this young leddy is in my—keepin'—sir."

"Oh, indeed!"

"And I couldn't think of permittin' her to go so far without me, sir, not by no manner of means."

"Oh very well, come with her, then; perhaps I can sell *you* something. There now is a beautiful book for the merest trifle, only ten cents; come look at it as we go along. Just see the colored pictures in it; they are worth twice the money. It's the most affecting and pathetic story of Paul and Virginia."

This and a good deal more the peddler rattled off, as he strapped and shouldered his pack, and seemed as intent on effecting the small trade as if he had not another thought in the world. As the sum he had named was really only about a third of the price of the book, its cheapness attracted Sarah's attention.

"The picters is beautiful," she said. "I'd get it for my little sister if I thort it was a moral story; but I don't see no moral to it," she added, turning to the last leaf.

"It's a very good story, Sarah, I assure you," said Evelyn.

The sober girl, whose face had been wreathed into some frightful smiles, looked at Miss Sitterly as though she considered her rather doubtful authority; but she continued to examine the attractive book; and the stranger and Evelyn, having slowly started, the servant almost unconsciously followed, with her eyes still riveted upon the coveted volume. Becky and Bounce brought up the rear.

The distance was short, but poor Evelyn trembled so violently, while traversing it, that it would have been impossible to conceal her singular emotion from the watchful Sarah, if the stranger had not continued to occupy her attention.

"If you take it," he said, seeming intent on the sale, "and are not satisfied, you shall have the privilege of changing it for anything you like better the next time I come, and that's what I would not do for everybody."

Sarah said that was fair, and she proclaimed it a bargain.

They were soon at the roadside where a gate opened into the field, and where the stranger's wagon stood.

It was an extraordinary vehicle for a peddler, Sarah thought; for it was a light, open buggy, and as there were no books to be seen, she concluded they must be inside of the box-like seat, though certainly there could not be many. They had passed through the gateway, and Evelyn stood, pale and trembling, holding fast to the fence, and casting furtive glances towards the house, which was about forty rods distant, and from which the party must have been plainly visible if any one had been looking for them.

"Be calm—we are all right," the stranger whispered to her as he passed her, and then said aloud:

"I will untie my poor tired horse, and let him crop a little grass, and then we'll look at the books."

"Why, what on airth is the matter with Miss Evelyn?" exclaimed Sarah, whose eyes had suddenly rested upon her charge. Why, bless me, if she aint a tremblin' like a leaf?"

A scream, followed by a succession of shouts, was at this instant heard in the direction of the great house; and half a dozen people, with no less a personage than Mrs. Sitterly in the van, and her husband close behind, were seen running towards the group gathered around the mysterious peddler's carriage.

"*In*, now, my bird," said the stranger, who fairly lifted the light girl into the buggy, and leaping to her side, he tightened the reins and gave a chirrup to his horse, which sprang forward with the gait of a mettled racer, fresh from the stall, rather than the tired hack he had been represented.

Sarah, faithful to her trust, had not only joined the chorus of screams, but sprang boldly to the horse's head, grasping at the lines, but only to be flung violently to the ground by the frightened animal, which bounded like a reindeer along the hard, smooth road.

"'They'll have fleet steeds that follow,'" said Mr. Joab Gilton, "but not fleet enough to overtake the iron horse, whose hot breath you can see rising among the trees yonder, several miles up the river. It is less than a mile to the station, and we shall be there as soon as he."

Evelyn was elated yet alarmed. They might yet be overtaken, but she was resolute now, that if she escaped she would never again accept the shelter of her step-mother's home, unless she could have satisfactory guarantees of protection.

Towards her father, despite the most earnest attempts to avoid such unfilial feelings, she could not repress emotions both of indignation and contempt. He either could not or would not protect her. Whatever there had once been of virtue in his nature (and she thought, poor girl, that she could remember the time when he had been kind and gentle to her) had been bartered away, and he was daily receiving his mess of potage for his lost birthright of manliness and honor.

Oh, what bitter tears had she wept for *him*—for him, when that hour should come, as come it must, of awakening to a sense of his own infamy, to a consciousness of the years of wretchedness he had occasioned her—of the trampled heart which, even in infancy, had looked vainly, lovingly to him for support, but which now fled in terror from his presence.

Mr. Lynde's messenger, who had so adroitly played his game, was a waggish law student in Mr Silby's office, an old friend of Seth's, to whom the latter had made known his dilemma, and who had himself suggested the plan of correspondence and escape which he had thus far so successfully carried out. He was a wide-awake, whole-souled, down-east Yankee, who had been familiar enough from boyhood with the whole race of peddlers, to be able to imitate their peculiarities.

He was a good whip, too; he had chosen his horse and vehicle to-day with care and sagacity; he had set his watch by the station clock, and he had calculated his time with the greatest nicety, that he might neither be a moment too late at the cars, nor more than two minutes too soon. For he knew that if discovered in starting, as he unfortunately had been, it would not require more than that time to start a messenger on horseback in pursuit, who might raise a hue and cry, and intercept him before he had gained the station.

The result proved that Mr. Gilton had not miscalculated the movements of the enemy.

Mrs. Sitterly's exploration in her step-daughter's rooms, after a long and catlike search, had, on the very point of its abandonment, been rewarded by a discovery. A folded kerchief, as she replaced it, she thought gave back a slightly rattling sound to her touch, and she eagerly and carefully opened its snowy folds, to find a letter within, which, at the first glance, she was certain had never passed under her inspection, and must have been in some way "smuggled across the frontier."

Instead of the small cramped hand and faded ink of Aunt Ally's superscription, there was the bold, elegant penmanship which she had good reason to know was that of Seth Lynde.

She opened it, and grew pallid with wrath and fear as she perused its contents, evincing that it was one of a series, which, by some secret means, had been received and answered during an interval of several weeks, and that both parties to the correspondence were fully aware of the deceit and frauds which she had practiced upon them.

Greatly excited and incensed, yet resolving that their knowledge should not benefit them, and that Evelyn should now at once be both strictly confined and watched, she turned the leaf and read on.

New horrors met her eye. That day was fixed for Evelyn's escape. "Our Yankee peddler," wrote Seth, "will go up in the early train on Tuesday. He has already engaged a carriage and a fleet horse at the village of ——, to convey you to the station, or if, for any cause, he fails to reach it in time for the train, he will himself bring you to the city, by whatever indirect route may be necessary to escape pursuit. Be ready and do not falter. Precisely eleven o'clock is the hour at which you may expect Gilton."

"And it is already a quarter past," exclaimed Mrs. Sitterly, in dismay.

She stopped to read no further, but rang the bell violently, and then, without awaiting an answer, hurried down stairs like one distracted. In every story she stopped to ring, and she shouted to the wondering servants, as they successively made their appearance, bidding them to run after Evelyn—to send Mr. Sitterly after her—to send Blass—to send the coachman—the dog——

When she reached the lower hall her astonished husband met her, and inquired what was the matter.

"Look! Look for yourself!" exclaimed the enraged woman, who had caught sight of the fugitives through a window.

"There goes your model daughter! Running away with a peddler! Fly, now, all of you! It is not too late to stop her yet."

Frederick needed no second bidding, but, as has been said, even he was outstripped by the eager woman herself, who for once had laid aside her dignity.

She did not run far, however, for she saw it was useless, when Gilton's horse had started, but turning about, she issued new orders.

"To the stable—quick! Saddle Duke and Brown Bess! You can easily overtake them—you and Joe—or better still, here is Simon."

The horses were quickly brought out and saddled, and Blass not reluctantly mounted one, (he was a good rider,) while the coachman sprang as eagerly upon the other.

"We'll catch them," said Simon.

"Of course you will," replied the lady, reaching up a mysterious looking case to her brother-in-law, which she had herself been to fetch from the house.

"Wh—what is that for, my dear? He won't want *them*," said Frederick, turning pale.

"Perhaps not," was the answer, as the riders dashed forth, "yet it is well enough to have them in case of extremity. He might want to shoot that villain's horse, for instance, to stop them."

"It's rather dangerous I really hope Simon will be discreet."

"Oh, yes, discreet indeed!" replied the panting woman. "We have had a little too much discretion. If I had had *my* way——"

"I think you have had it pretty well, my dear."

"Have I? Well, I will have it *better* hereafter. Let me once get her again, the hussy! After all my kindness to her! They are gaining, Fred! See! Blass is certainly gaining on them!"

During this colloquy neither party had removed their eyes from the road, which was plainly visible to them for a long way ahead, and just behind the husband and wife stood a group of servants also eagerly watching the chase, while two or three had climbed upon fences and posts to get a better view.

"Yes—they are certainly gaining," answered Frederick. "I have no doubt they will overtake her."

"They will be out of sight from here in a minute or two; let us go up to the observatory and watch them from there."

"Oh, yes, so we will. I had quite forgotten we had an observatory; it's such a bore to get up to it."

"From there we can see the road distinctly all the way to the station, and miles beyond," said Mrs. Sitterly, as they hurried into the house; "and I do so want to see them at the very moment that Simon stops them," she added, laughing; "I wouldn't miss that for a great deal."

Mr. Gilton soon found that he had a difficult task in hand, for it would avail him nothing to outstrip his pursuers if the latter should reach the railroad station before the train started, for then he would have the mortification of seeing his fair charge dragged from the cars by the relatives who claimed the custody of her, and whom he had no legal power to oppose.

Watching the rushing train, which, though plainly visible, was several miles distant, he calculated that, at his present speed, he would reach the *dépôt* full two minutes too soon, which, under present circumstances, would be almost as dangerous as arriving too late, for it would give the enemy time to come up before the starting of the cars.

It was under these circumstances that Gilton had slightly slackened his speed, and had allowed Blass and the coachman to diminish the distance between himself and them, much to their exultation and that of their friends at the great mansion.

But with his eye now upon the train and now on his pursuers, in rapid alternation, with his open watch in hand—with a taut rein, and an undertone of encouragement to the half swooning girl—the shrewd, cool Yankee was making some extremely close calculations.

The second station was precisely four miles ahead. He had three minutes the start of the horseman, two of the train. Besides, the latter would stop a minute at each place, and he was certain it was not going faster than thirty miles an hour.

"We are caught if we stop here," he said, rather thinking aloud than addressing the now appalled Evelyn. "We must do it, Charley. What say you?"

As he spoke and whistled to his steed, the latter, as if conscious of the necessity of putting forth its best powers, sprang forward with accellerated motion.

It was an exciting race; and the spectators from the observatory, who were now watching it with a spy-glass, which passed rapidly from hand to hand, grew a shade more anxious.

"Why—why—he don't turn off towards the *dépôt*, Frederick!" exclaimed Mrs. Sitterly; "he keeps right on down the river."

"Hey? Oh, then they'll surely be caught. They are gaining on him yet, eh?"

"Y—yes—but it seems to me he goes faster than he did. He must have a fine horse; and I'm afraid your Brown Bess isn't quite what we've thought, after all."

"Oh, yes—*she's* all right. But she isn't much used to the saddle, and Simon is no great rider. I only hope he won't blow her."

"I hope he *will*, if it is necessary. I am sure he knows better than to spare the horses in such a case. I'd rather they would both drop dead the moment Evelyn is caught, than to have her get away *now*, and so would you, if——"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"*He* knows it, at all events," muttered the lady, still holding the glass.

"Still gaining, eh?"

"Y—yes, I believe so. I can hardly tell; but they are at least holding their own."

"Holding their own! That won't do much good half a mile behind. Let me see."

"Well, what do you think?"

"They are going like the wind, all hands," said Frederick; "aint they though, my dear? Blamed if it isn't a pretty sight, now! I'd as soon see that now as——"

"Never mind what you would as soon see," was the petulant answer. "Will they catch them?"

"Why, yes, certainly they will. Blass *has* gained a great deal since I looked last. Yes, he'll catch 'em, if the locomotive keeps its present speed."

"What difference will that make?"

"What difference? Why, don't you see that if the train gets to ——ville, and leaves there before Mr. Peddler arrives, that Evelyn can't get aboard? And then Blass is sure to catch them within the next few miles. But if she once gets on the cars, of course the game is up."

"*Ah, yes!*" exclaimed the wife; but, after a brief interval, she added: "But it appears to me the train goes *very* slow."

"Thirty-five miles an hour—every inch of it."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes—it will pass then in two minutes now, and all will be safe——"

"Oh I am so glad. Let *me* look now."

But the question was not entirely settled. When the locomotive screeched forth the signal of its approach to the second stopping place, Gilton was running neck and neck with the iron horse. When it came to a halt, he had been left more than a third of a mile behind, with only sixty precious seconds to spare.

He no longer looked at his watch nor at his pursuers, but with his eyes fixed upon his steed, and upon the road—his heart beating so violently that he thought he could hear its pulsations, he urged forward his noble animal.

"Wave your kerchief!" he said to Evelyn. "If they'll wait *five seconds* we're safe."

Miss Sitterly obeyed without speaking.

"Again! Again! Higher! Keep it afloat!"

It does not avail. They hear the signal for starting at the moment that they have gained a little declivity, down which a road leads from the highway to the iron track. They dash down this descent! they are abreast of the moving cars—slowly moving yet, and Gilton, leaping from his buggy, catches the active girl as she springs after him, and on the last part of the last car, he safely deposits his precious freight.

"*He* will meet you at Thirty-first street," he says, and she waves an adieu to the gallant stranger, and disappears within the car as the noisy train moves on.

When Gilton turned around, he saw his pursuers rapidly coming up. It was too late to get out of the way, without more fatigue, both for himself and his tired horse, than he was disposed to undergo; and he quietly awaited their approach, leaning on the side of his wagon.

"Want any books?" he said, in a drawling tone, as Blass, with fury in his eye, rode up to him. He had dragged his small pack to light, and had again assumed his peddler like air and Yankee accent.

"Who are *you?*" said Simon, who had witnessed with unutterable chagrin, the escape of Miss Sitterly.

"A peddler, sir—got some *real* nice books here. I thought you might want some, seein' you'd been a follerin' on me so long."

"That game won't do my man. You'll have to answer for abducting this young lady."

"Abductin'? I haint abducted nobody, sir. The gal wanted to go to teown, and I thought I'd gin her a lift—that's all."

The mortified Blass did not think it worth while to continue the colloquy with, or to repeat his threats against, a man, whom, whether his character was real or assumed, there could be nothing gained by punishing. The prey had escaped, and with humiliation unspeakable, he returned to announce the result to his friends.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It would be difficult to describe the delight with which Seth Lynde, after despairingly watching the exodus of passengers from the long train of cars, at the station in Thirty-first street, finally caught sight of the radiant, smiling face of Evelyn Sitterly.

Not delight of a professional kind, for the lawyer was lost in the lover now, and he quite forgot the great suit of the morrow, and the importance of his chief witness, as he looked once more into those dear eyes, and grasped that hand, whose lightest touch always sent such thrills of rapture through his heart.

Seth had a carriage in readiness, and as he had a temporary home provided for Evelyn at the house of a friend, where her relations would not be likely to seek her, he ordered the coachman to proceed directly there.

"No—I must go—*home* first," said Evelyn, hesitating at the word with a painful remembrance of what that home had been to her—and with a more painful uncertainty as to that future upon which she was entering, and the perils of which she had so nobly braved.

"It at least cannot be worse than the past," thought the distressed girl, as she rapidly contemplated her position, and resolved not to falter on the path upon which she had entered.

The carriage stopped at Mrs. Sitterly's house, where the servants were delighted to see the young lady—but they were much astonished when they found that her stay was to be but momentary.

She went to her room, packed some necessary articles of clothing into a small trunk which the hackman transferred to the carriage, and she informed the amazed domestics, as she departed, that they might expect her parents by the next train.

"And *you*, Miss Evelyn—where shall we tell them you are gone?" asked the agitated housekeeper, who suspected an elopement and marriage.

"Tell them—tell them that you do not know!" said Evelyn, as she looked back from the carriage window.

"But I *ought* to know, Miss Sitterly," replied the frightened woman.

Seth took out a card, and handing it to the matron, said:

"Tell Mr. Sitterly, madam, that his daughter is under *my* protection for the present. Go on, driver."

It was not four hours later in the day when the still enraged and alarmed Mrs. Sitterly and her less excited husband arrived at their town house, and received this message and the accompanying card. They instantly caused the most diligent search to be made for the young lady, but without success. At the houses of Mrs. Gale and of Mr. Lynde, and at the humbler home of Aunt Ally, the father, accompanied by an officer, sought his daughter in vain—and he became convinced that she had not taken refuge at either of these places.

But although this pursuit was kept up, it was scarcely with the continued expectation of preventing Evelyn from becoming a witness in the approaching trial. That hope was now nearly abandoned, for the parents knew full well that Seth could and would enforce this right.

But they feared that the daughter, having so fully thrown off her allegiance to them, would perpetuate her disloyalty by an immediate marriage with her presuming lover.

Seth was not himself without some hope of this happy issue of events. He believed that in Evelyn's present anomalous position she would be fully justified in such a course, and although he had little to offer her besides his heart and hand, he could do no less than make the proposition.

It was refused, kindly but with firmness, for Evelyn yet hoped for a change of affairs which would induce her father to consent to their union—and thus save her from the life-long regret of having taken so important a step in contravention of his commands.

"But if he should never consent?"

"Let the future decide. There is, at least, no present cause for haste; and other, I had almost said, more important matters demand your undivided attention."

Seth could not deny that. His whole soul was in the suit, for it was to be to him, he hoped, the very means of winning a renown and a business which were both to enure to dear Evelyn's benefit. He was no longer the lover, but the lawyer. He consulted with his witness, and learned the degree of positiveness with which she could testify. He cross-examined her after the manner of Counsellor Bight, affecting all the sternness and the cajolery of that distinguished lawyer, whose talent and effrontery combined had raised him to quite an enviable pitch of eminence.

Evelyn was good on rehearsal, and it seemed to Seth that it would require a very great deal of counter evidence to make a jury of sensible men doubt her testimony.

Alas! he little knew the kind of weapons with which he should have to contend.

"But you do not depend on me and Aunt Ally alone," Evelyn said. "You have other witnesses."

Seth smiled, and replied:

"I have other witnesses, but much depends upon you."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## IT IS WELL.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Is the house *so still* that but lately rung
With the silver tones of an infant's tongue?
Dost thou sit in darkness to weep and mourn
For the sinless child from thy bosom torn?
Oh! stay thy tears that thy precious one
To her Saviour's arms hath so early gone.
No throb of anguish, no moan of pain,
No dying pang will she know again;
But safe and sheltered, and owned and blest,
Thy babe hath entered her holy rest.
Ah! earth's *best* homes are but drear and wild,
Compared to the home of thy ransomed child;
Would'st thou call her back from those regions fair?
Nay: strive, young mother, to meet her there.

## THE ONE ERROR.

### A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

### CHAPTER XI.

THE SKELETON HAND.

Nelly and Ida had strolled forth one beautiful evening, a few weeks after the burning of the cottage, and betaken themselves, after much pleading on the part of the younger, to a favorite spot at the base of the Chine.

It was Ida's chosen resort, for here she might climb and wander at will; here abounded in profusion her dear flowers, and here, too, the best seat for her mother was to be found, with what she chose to call a table beside, for all the appliances of her work, which Nelly never failed to bring with her, but which, indeed, made little advance in those hours, when, left to herself, it would drop from her hands, and she fall into the old train of bitter, unprofitable thought, self-accusation and regret.

She was roused from her wonted attitude of meditation on the present occasion by the touch of her child's hand upon her own. She started, for the small fingers were chill, and she had not heard Ida approach.

Looking down, Nelly saw her child's face turned up to her very pale and with a scared expression; she was trembling, too, while she was evidently scarcely able to command her speech.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed, "Ida! darling! what has hurt you?"

"Not hurt me, mother," the little girl said, slowly, and with some difficulty, "but it's something dre'ful up there, mother," she pointed to the cliff far above, where the Chine's summit burdered on the barren crag of the Deepgang; "I was gathering the blue flowers, there is lots there, and I saw a beauty down a little bit, and was just getting it; and in amon' the fern I saw something—oh! mother, I touched it, it's dre'ful! like dead, mother, *so* dre'ful."

She put her hand nervously to her head, and laid it on her mother's bosom, as she finished speaking.

"You shouldn't have gone so far, my darling," said her mother, while she soothed and lifted Ida to her lap.

"It was the blue flowers; I wanted them so for you," said the little girl, plaintively, "but I never will any more, mother."

"But, dear child, what was it to frighten you? a poor little bird, I suppose, fallen from its nest?"

Ida shook her head—"Oh, no! no, it wasn't, dear mother; it was dre'ful—it was like *this*."

As she spoke she held up the little buttoned sleeve a moment, shuddering.

"*Ida!* what do you mean?" exclaimed Nelly, as she set the child upon her feet, and started up.

"It was, mother, only worse—it was *bones!* Oh, mother, don't go, please."

"Ida, I must see! I must go; my child, stay here! I will not be long—I *must* go, Ida, do as I bid you—sit there! mother will come back."

Ere the words had passed her lips, she was rushing up the rocky causeway, moved by she knew not what impulses, what dread anticipations—she reached the summit of the flowery Chine, she paused and darted a keen glance around. Before her were the black rocks, almost destitute of vegetation; hurriedly she advanced, till close to the edge where the cliff fell suddenly off to the precipice she espied a thick fern bush, whose hardy russet foliage grew far over the edge and down the face of the rock. As she approached she saw the scattered handful of blue flowers which poor Ida, in her alarm, had let fall, and the thick tufts which, sheltered luxuriantly beneath the broad leaves of the fern, showed this to be the one she indicated. Nelly shuddered as she saw the dangerous locality to which the child had ventured; but with a quick, firm step she approached, and stooping, removed the flowers, and parted the overgrown and stubborn leaves of the mountain fern.

With a cry of horror she started up; her hand had touched, her eyes had fallen upon the object which had alarmed the little girl.

A skeleton hand!

There it lay, the rigid, bony fingers clutched as in the death agony—there it had lain, who could say how long?—the winds and the rains, the tempest and the sunshine, had passed over that silent relic of humanity, beneath the covering ferns.

But she recovered herself; again that impulse urged her to seek further—was there no more? or was this the terrible index to a tale yet untold?

She stooped again; hurriedly she plucked away the fern leaves, scattering them around, peering below into the sunless depths of the dried-up earth beneath.

Suddenly a glitter as of metal caught her eye, and diving down, with hasty clutch she grasped at the object, and, amidst a handful of dust and withered leaves, she brought it into daylight.

A ring! she sprang to her feet, and with distended eyes gazed upon it.

An exclamation of dismay broke from her lips. The next moment she had caught up the gaunt skeleton hand and was pressing it to her bosom, as she sank to her knees, and gasped, in a broken voice—

"My husband! he was murdered—and, oh! God, forgive me!——"

She had no utterance for the dread truth which rushed upon her mind with a certainty that mocked at the possibility of doubt.

The ring was one that had been her mother's—a massive, uncouth jewel, of ancient and most peculiar fashion and device.

It had been handed down from the grandfather of her parent, who had found it on the beach after a wreck of which this was the sole vestige that ever came on shore.

At her mother's death she had left it in charge of her daughter; and at their betrothal Nelly had given it to Aaron, whose finger it had never left. Ay, she remembered now, how on that last sad night, how as he dashed his hand upon the table, she had even then marked the glitter of the ring, and it had half recalled her to herself, in the thought of the tender words with which she had put the treasure on his finger. And this was how, after sorrowful years, she found it! And these—these decaying, unsepulchred bones were his! This the brave, loyal hand which in life had been her stay and protection!

As by a sudden light, all seemed made clear to her. Vague suspicions, half uttered words and looks, unexplained till now—all were recalled, and, swift as thought, she summed up the terrible conviction.

Her husband had been foully dealt by; and but one man could have a motive for the deed. That man now claimed her for his wife—she shared his pillow, and had been the mother to his son!

Not by degrees, I say—not even by the lapse of time in which you read these words—came that truth upon her; but swift, full, entire, in all its intensity.

The shock fell, yet left her neither stunned nor mad.

The first sensation, strange as it may seem, was of relief.

It was the realization of a vague, haunting dread, an anticipation—horrible as the certainty was, it *was* certainty—so far, relief.

Next, woman as she was, came the idea of revenge.

As she arose from her knees, still clasping to her breast the skeleton fingers of her first love, the resolve was made; the time, the place, the mode—rising as in a picture; as a thing that must be, all were there, the one object for which till now she had lived—and then the end!

A faint cry reached her—the voice of her little Ida calling terrified for her mother.

She had forgotten her child! She stopped—what was that? ah! that old thought—why he had saved *her* life?

She reeled back, half fainting; the fever strength of that passion was passed; and she shook as she remembered that even to avenge her husband was denied her, then to die.

She must live, but not there!

Flight was all that remained. As she clasped once more her darling to her breast, she hurriedly hid away the ghastly treasure trove, and strove to calm her beating heart and trembling limbs, while she planned immediate flight.

She never felt the ground over which her feet sped swiftly once more to the terrible dwelling—only once, then to leave it for ever! *Where* to flee, entered not into her mind—only to be away, away, from sight and hearing of the fearful man she called husband—from the touch of the murderous hand which had deprived her beloved of his life.

Away from the shelter of his accursed roof, which might yet cover she knew not what silent witnesses to his guilt.

Away, and with her child, for ever, from the atmosphere of bloodshed and treachery they had unconsciously breathed—away, too, and from the horrible temptation which she felt would assail her.

"I could see not him again! I could not hear him speak, but I should tax him with it!" she cried.

"If he denied it, if he confessed it! all one! My God! save me from murder, too! I should stab him if he but laid a hand upon me!—hush, child, hush!"

Poor Ida, terrified at her mother's mood, was supplicating to be set down, saying she could run.

"You can't, Ida! you can't, my child! quick, I must be quick—if he should be here before us—oh God, help me!"

It was yet early, when, panting and exhausted, she reached the house. All was as she had left it. Meghorn was still absent, but she knew that any moment he might return.

It was needful that by no sign should he be apprised of her flight. She must take with her nothing that could be missed—moreover, she turned with loathing from any of his gifts, of clothes or jewels.

Her stock of money was small indeed; she hastily secured this in her bosom, put on over her ordinary dress a dark stuff gown of her first stock, and clothed the child warmly; then, lifting her in her arms, stepped out from the unblessed home of the pirate Meghorn.

There was no moon, but the stars were shining brightly in a cloudless sky.

She paused as she drew-to the door, and listened. All was still; the subdued plash of the waves upon the beach came faintly from below.

She had quitted the house by the back door opening upon the waste, a stream of light fell brightly across it to some distance from a lamp she had placed in the upper chamber, so that Saul, seeing it as he entered, might believe that she had retired for the night, and thus be lulled to security.

Swiftly crossing the barren ground, she entered upon the wide downs where, setting little Ida upon her feet, she briefly urged upon her the necessity of all speed, and, taking her by the hand, they proceeded at a swift pace. The stars gave little light, and beneath the deep swells of the undulating plain, they ran little risk of being seen, even had any been abroad to watch them.

Nelly could feel her heart beating as though every throb would be the last. Her feet seemed to weigh heavier for the speed she made. She felt as one in some horrid nightmare, from which she must awake at last, and now and again she paused, as if to ask herself *why* this was.

But to lay her hand upon her bosom, to touch the fearful relics there hid, was the answer; and, with a word to the poor little companion of her flight, she hurried on. She knew that the real moment of danger had not yet come.

It would be, in all probability, some hours before Meghorn returned—more ere he would discover her absence, and the morrow, most probably, before he would actually suspect it to be flight.

That he would pursue them to the uttermost, she never doubted; the more determinedly, if he could gain but a suspicion of the cause.

Time was indeed precious, and the child's pace was so slow. One moment it seemed so hopeless, Nelly was almost on the point of turning back, but as she asked herself—to face what? even the forlorn hope of escape became precious, and she hurried forward.

But, alas! the poor little girl began to cry, and hung heavily upon the hand of her mother.

Nelly had thought it best to let her walk now—by-and-by, she would sleep, yet still they must be moving.

"A little further, dear pet, only a little way, then we shall sit down; see, there is the wood where Ida gathered the nuts."

"My leg ache *so* bad," said the weakly child, in a plaintive tone, that went to the heart of the poor mother.

She stooped to take her in her arms, slinging the bundle she carried to her waist; she had lifted her up, and, in a cheering tone, had begun to comfort her, when voices fell upon her ear.

She stood still, and her breath stopped; they came nearer, and, from the wood she was approaching, two tall figures emerged, and came across the downs towards them.

The taller one was speaking, and she recognized the voice of Saul Meghorn.

It was well fright deprived her of the power to cry out.

With one effort at self-preservation, she sprang aside, and crouched beneath the slight elevation of the plain, unconscious even which course they might take. As she did so, her bundle, ill secured, gave way, slipped, and fell.

She bent breathlessly over her child, grasping her to her breast—her head swam, she feared she was going to faint, but her eyes, wide open, were fixed upon the men.

They came, nearer, nearer—she heard the very words of the shorter, in earnest reply, but they failed to convey any sense to her brain—she watched them as they came—she felt she could scream, so intensely wrought were her feelings—and, as they passed on, unconscious, she blessed God with her voice, as in her heart.

A few paces on the shorter man stumbled, and, with an oath, kicked from his path the stone, as he supposed, sending her bundle within a foot of where the trembling fugitives lay concealed.

Not till the two were well out of sight, till they must have got within sight of the gleam from the house window, did the woman rise from her knees and resume her flight, with now an added fear upon her.

What was the purpose of these companions? whence did they come and might they not return?

She doubted now whether even the woods would afford them safe shelter, but at least she needed a few minutes of repose, and to think over, even though hastily, the best way of proceeding.

Again taking her child in her arms, and resuming her bundle, she hurriedly fled into the wood, whose paths had been well known to her in happier days; and, seeking out a spot where the undergrowth was most luxuriant, and the trees standing close, afforded some shelter, even in their scanty spring dress, she laid little Ida on the heaped leaves of last autumn, which here accumulated undisturbed; and while she gathered new strength for further flight, set herself to plan out some consistent method of escape from her dreaded tyrant, whose image in her mind gained every moment fresh terrors.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MEGHORN IN PURSUIT.

Well was it for Nelly that she had fled. Saul Meghorn and Mat Yawmans, who had just passed her, were on their way to Deepgang to kidnap the child and carry the mother on board the pirate vessel. When they came in sight of the house, and saw the light shining from her chamber window, Meghorn uttered an exclamation of satisfaction, and said, "She has gone to bed, Yawmans. The brat is asleep by this time, but *she* lies awake for hours. So, we'll go in and have a lunch, and I'll give you a taste of some of the old sort of stuff. We'll drink it while waiting for my wife to close her eyes for the last time under this infernal roof."

The mate approved this decision. They entered the house, and found everything in order, as Nelly had left it. Meghorn told his comrade to sit down and help himself, which Mat did, without ceremony. They soon became deep in their cups and in talking over the plans for the future, and thus passed hour after hour—hours of priceless worth to the weary, footsore fugitives. Meghorn seemed purposely to delay the execution of his nefarious scheme, under pretence that Nelly might not yet be asleep. At last he dashed off his last glass, rose to his feet, ordered Yawmans to keep silence, and crept up stairs to the door of his wife's room. He opened the door and listened. All was still. He looked in. All was quiet. Crossing the floor lightly, he closed the door leading into Ida's room, and then as cautiously returning, stole down stairs. He could have sworn that he saw the outline of his wife's form, and heard her breathe, as he glanced towards the bed. Such fools do the scared senses of guilty men make of their owners.

"You know the way to the brat's crib, Yawmans," said the pirate, as he re-entered the supper-room. "Over the lean-to, at the back of the house, and into the window. Wrap her in the bed blankets, and see that you do her no harm."

"All right, Capt'n!" said the mate, as he strode off.

Saul saw him leave the house by the back and shut-to the door, then he returned to the upper room, and busied himself noisily with apparent preparations.

Now and again he approached the window, at some distance from which he had placed the light, and gazed out anxiously.

But all was still, and no sign appeared for some time of his subordinate.

Saul grew impatient, and was about to leave the room, when a low whistle outside drew his attention once more to the window, and he beheld Mat Yawmans from out the shadow of the lean-to, who stretched towards him his empty hands, and beckoned eagerly.

Hastily catching up the light, with a glance at the bed, Saul quitted the room, and opening the back door, met his man upon the threshold.

"What the ——!"

"—— it, Capt'n!" were the simultaneous exclamations of each.

"What have you been about—where is the brat?" cried Saul.

"Not there!" retorted the other: "I broke my shin, and damaged my nose for nought——"

"What do you mean?" cried Saul, increasing in wrath.

"There's no child there, —— me if there is!" the mate almost roared; "a fool's errand, Capt'n. I *do* like to have something for my pains."

With an oath, Meghorn rushed up the stairs, and to the bedside. At a grasp, he flung back the clothes, the pillows, the bed, and scattered them to the floor.

His sudden cry of astonishment brought up the mate.

"She is gone!" exclaimed Saul; "gone! and the child with her!"

He turned with fury on the other.

"She has heard of it—how? She must have learned my plan. Have you *dared!*"

"Me, Capt'n!" and the burst of indignation with which injured innocence repelled the implication quelled somewhat of the other's wrath.

"It's clear enough she has listened somewhere—heard the plan. What more besides, the devil only knows! Yawmans, they must be found—brought back!"

"A woman's tongue has hanged many a good fellow high as——"

"Hold your —— prating," cried the urbane commander, "and listen to me."

"You must help me, we shall find them before dawn. Four or five hours start as she had, or even more, she can't have made much distance with the child. She can't even have reached the town, for there are few carts pass this way this day of the week. Once hit on the track, we should be down upon them. Quick, my life on it, I'll have the woman and the brat here in this very room by daybreak."

Not another word was spoken. Both dressed quickly, took a last pull at the brandy-flask, Saul stamped down the embers, blew out the lamps, and they stood in the waste behind the house, within twenty minutes after the first alarm.

"You go by the Chine, I'll take the road; keep you the cliff path over the village, I by the woods and so on. Meet me at the 'Trouble House,' at the cross roads!"

Without another word, they started on their errand; Saul's last act, as he quitted the house, was to slip his cutlas into the belt he strapped on.

In that chill hour, when Nature with a shudder yields herself to the embraces of the dawn, they stood, master and man, before the "Trouble House," a public-house so called, of no stainless repute, standing at the junction of six roads. Perhaps the central atoned for the solitary position, there being no other dwelling within at least seven miles.

Saul arrived some few minutes before his mate at the trysting-place. He eagerly awaited the coming of the other, but mutual disappointment was the greeting of both.

"Day is breaking," said Saul, gloomily; "*I* cannot give up this matter, but you must be aboard, Yawmans, and betimes."

"They've got help some way, Capt'n, I'm thinking, unbeknown to you. It's a poor chance, to my mind."

"I must find her, I tell you! It's life and death!—I shall find her, and before night. I will be aboard at nightfall, and with all I seek, too."

"Ay, ay, yer honor; as you say, so you'll do," returned the other.

"There's a light in the house," said Saul.

"Ay, sir, a great funeral set out, I take it, going by one of the roads, and the fellows stop to bait."

"We'll go in for awhile, Yawmans; I want to talk to you, and from this you'll take the nearest road to Fergus Bay."

"Ay, ay, sir, and welcome! I'll be with you, Capt'n, in a moment."

Saul had gone forward towards the house, and was in the act of knocking at the door, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Avast, Capt'n!" cried Yawmans, in a hoarse whisper at his ear, "just a minute; this way—softly, Capt'n, softly!"

Meghorn followed, as the other led the way, to a deserted cow-shed, that lay behind some out-offices, in the rear of the house.

The entrance was closed by a rude lattice-door; the floor was strewn with rotting straw and refuse of all kinds. The roof was almost open to the sky, and the first blush of day made visible the noisome hole within.

Visible, too, to Saul—as, following the indication of his companion, he peeped through the aperture—he beheld his wife and child.

In a far corner, upon a few garments heaped together, little Ida slept.

Upon the ground beside her, and huddling round, as if to shield her child from the cold, the mother sat. Her head was turned from them, but, by her motionless posture, they concluded she slept.

A suppressed exclamation burst from Saul.

Yawmans had laid his hand upon the gate, but Meghorn stayed him quickly.

"Let them be, let them be, they are worn out, they will sleep on; I have them safe enough, and can seize them in the trap.

"Here," he added, in a whisper, "help me lift this timber against the door; so, now they are secure. So, my dame, there's an end to your run! We will finish up such a good night's work; come, my lad—and, Yawmans, not a word in here. I want not all my affairs made public in a tavern, and you know what a woman's tongue is."

"Ay, has hanged many a man," was the agreeable rejoinder of the mate, as he followed the pirate within the doors of the "Trouble House."

Meghorn frowned, as the evidences of a numerous company met his ear; he would have retreated, and had already half closed the door, when the figure of a man loomed from out the fog, and as he perceived who were his visitors, came out to them hastily.

"Who are they?" said Saul, gruffly, still standing outside the door.

"Strangers, Capt'n, every one," the landlord of the Trouble House replied, in an under-tone. "They're undertakers from Keresley, been to a berryin' of some great man or another, and stopped here to bait the horses; they'll be off now in a few minutes."

The other still hesitated.

"There's a jolly fire," the landlord went on; "and I've as prime a ham and cheese in cut, and your own keg——"

"There, there, that will do," said Meghorn, impatiently; "I suppose we may as well."

He entered, followed close by Yawmans, and the two seated themselves by a small table in the chimney nook, which the high-backed settle screened off from the view of the general company, though those who occupied it had a tolerably good sight of the rest of the room.

While they awaited the execution of their orders, Yawmans availed himself of this advantage to ascertain the quality of their neighbors; but Saul, much too preoccupied by his own thoughts to care for aught else, leaned his elbows on the table, and sat with his face covered by his hands.

In the few moments which had elapsed since the unexpected discovery made by Yawmans, he had come to the determination that his capture of the fugitives must be made without witnesses. The dread which had at first but vaguely indicated itself to his mind, had grown during his pursuit of his wife. He felt convinced that her flight had some other foundation than in his treatment of her, and that she had by some means gained possession of, or a clue to, facts, which, if driven to desperation, in the presence of others, she would assuredly use in her own defence and to his destruction.

The first fruit of this conviction had been to defer his capture; meanwhile making all secure against escape. The final result was that he must get rid of his mate, await the opportunity of the house being clear, and seize his victims. He knew how far, in case of necessity, he could rely upon the inmates of the Trouble House, and that from them he need fear no untimely opposition or mistrust of his motives, as he might choose to represent them.

The undertaker, Chob Laxity by name, was a fat, jolly fellow, fond of a dram, a song, and a story; and his companions being like him, they consumed an immense deal of liquor and time in getting "rested." Saul became so impatient at last of their delay, that he first sent Yawmans off, and then gave the landlord whispered directions to start them on their way. This the host succeeded in doing, by informing Chob that his four splendid horses would take cold, "standing there before that ere black box so long in the cuttin' air." This aroused the undertaker's fears for his horses, which were in fact very fine animals; so cutting short his fourth story, and hastily swallowing his grog, he called his companions out, mounted the hearse, and drove rapidly away.

"Curse the fools!" cried Saul, as he came forth, "I thought they would stay all day. I believe you would have let them," he said, angrily, to the host, who stood ready to obey his commands. "Bring me a lantern." It was quickly brought. "That will do; if I want you I'll call."

He hurried through the labyrinth of ruin, filth, and offal, to the deserted cow-house. The logs lay as he had left them before the door. He moved them slowly and with deliberation, gloating meanwhile over the terror and dismay his appearance would occasion.

He entered, raised his lantern, and looked round.

"Ha! what is this? The place is empty!"

He rushed out, surveyed the outside—it was the same. There lay the straw, here was the hole in the roof, there the logs!

But they were gone, and not a trace, not a sign by which to track them.

In his rage he shouted aloud; then, as the host appeared in answer to his voice, with curses he ordered him back. Unable to account for the escape, dreading to excite suspicion or inquiry, he returned to the Trouble House—after vainly searching every outhouse, nook and hole in its vicinity—there to take fresh counsel with himself for the pursuit and recovery of those whose fresh baffling of his search had but rendered him more determined to hold them once more within his power.

Meanwhile the hearse was rapidly rolling on its way. One of the men—Toby Lipkin—being rather drunk and sleepy, could with difficulty be kept on his seat, and it was finally proposed to put him inside the hearse. Accordingly, the vehicle was stopped. Laxity, raised upon his box, leaned over to watch the proceedings; two of the men descended, and two others, having lowered, in not the most gentle manner, their sleeping comrade into their arms, also got down to assist.

The door of the hearse was already opened, disclosing its gloomy interior, when it was flung to with a loud exclamation from the one whose hand thrust it from him, and was echoed by the two others.

"There's something in there!"

"I heard a cry!"

"It's nought human!"

Down went in a heap the insensible form of Toby Lipkins—away ran his valiant supporters—the men still on the roof, their brains still muddled by liquor, knowing not what had scared their fellows, under the influence of self-preservation, followed their example; and ere Chob Laxity could make out what had alarmed his followers, he found himself alone, save for the drunken sleeper, who, half roused by the shock of his fall, grumbled out an oath, rolled an inch or two, and then composed himself just between the hind wheels of the hearse.

"What ails the men?" cried Laxity; "are they all gone stark, staring mad, or has that fellow's liquor been working in 'em all this time, and gone off with a bang? It had an extra queer flavor to me. I say, Gatley! Ben—Ben Crudles! The more I holloa the faster they run! What's *that?* it was a child's voice, as I'm a sinner, and in the machine, too, I'd take my oath!"

With more agility than might have been expected from his size and rotundity, Chob Laxity descended from his elevated post, and quickly approached the back of the hearse.

The door had swung back on its hinges; he threw it open to the full extent, and the faint light of early day glimmered into the obscurity within.

"Oh! mercy on us! the palls are moving!" cried Laxity; "what on earth! it's a face, flesh and blood, too!"

He dived head foremost into the vehicle as he spoke, and dragged forth the clothes and other appurtenances of his trade, which had been thrown promiscuously to the other end.

As he did so, a child's voice burst out in a pitiful wail, and a light mass at the farther end began to move.

"Come forth, whoever ye are," cried Laxity, adopting something of the solemn adjuration style he had heard at the Kerseley theatre years gone by.

"Come forth! ye can't be at any good, burrowing and hiding among the dwellings of the departed!"

A slight movement and a few muttered words made answer; the light heap advanced slowly towards the light.

"Mercy on us!" cried Laxity, startled into his natural tone. "'Tis a woman and a child! Heaven preserve us! What on earth do ye do in here?"

The intruders had by this time reached the opening of the hearse, where Laxity stood guard.

Crouching and terrified, holding with firm grasp to her breast the little child, who was sobbing piteously, the woman turned a pallid, terror-stricken face up to the jolly one of the undertaker.

He assisted the stranger to the ground, she still clinging to the child, and glancing fearfully around her in all directions.

"You must have been hard up for a ride—my word, you must," he said, as he returned to the receptacle the various *et ceteras* he had withdrawn, yet still keeping his hold upon the trembling fugitive.

"It's a mercy you weren't smothered in that old black box, and the rate I've been rattling along at! eh, sakes, little dreaming who I was shaking and jumbling of inside."

"How far—how far," gasped the pale-faced woman, in an anxious tone; "how far have we got from the cross roads? Oh, pray forgive me! I did not know what to do! I was pursued!"

"Oh, at the cross roads," said Laxity, reflectively; "ah, while me and my mates were in at the Trouble House. Well, mistress, it's a matter of eleven miles we've done since we started, and I flatter myself we done it in good style, too."

"Has any one passed us on the road?" she asked, eagerly; "any men?"

"Not a soul—man, woman, nor child. Eh, sakes! they must be fast ones, they must be, that will come up with these beasts, when they steps out as it is in them to do. But may I be so bold, mistress, as to ask where you be going?"

"To London—to London," she replied, hurriedly, interrupting him.

"Where? to London?" repeated Chob, with a long whistle; "well, that's a long road, and, though it's all in the way as far as I be going, 'tis but a small part of it, I'm thinking. However, if I can give you a lift—and I'm sure the air's better out than inside of this old machine—why, you're welcome, mistress, though you frightened my mates well nigh out of their wits, a bit since."

"Oh, bless you and thank you," cried the woman, eagerly answering him; "you don't know from what you've saved me and my poor child. I would never have dared to get in there; it was wrong, but I was almost mad with terror!"

Nelly told the good-hearted Laxity her story in few words, and he at once resolved to aid her. Lifting the sleeping Lipkin into the hearse, he had Nelly and Ida mount beside him, covered them with rugs and blankets, and then drove on at a dashing pace. He learned, on the way, that Nelly had been sleeping in the outhouse, had awoke and found herself barred in, had torn off the decayed boards with her fingers, and crept into the hearse, with her child, for safety, hoping it would be driven off with them in it.

In a few hours Chob arrived at his destination, and placing Nelly and Ida in care of the landlord of the New Moon, he sipped a social glass, and was about to turn towards his home, when he was confronted by his wife, in a state of fiendish rage and jealousy. She had seen Nelly wrapped carefully in the rugs and blankets; she had seen her husband carefully assist her to alight; she had seen him tenderly lift the child from the seat, and mortal jealousy had seized upon her soul. Mrs. Laxity *knew* that Laxity had been wandering from the conjugal path. *That* was the only explanation of the phenomenon. The scene that took place in front of the New Moon was long remembered by the bystanders; and being seen and heard by Nelly from her chamber window, she stole out of the house with Ida, and fled like an affrighted deer at the sound of the hunter's horn.

The poor fugitives wandered on all day, and at night sought refuge in a barn. The next day they wandered on again. And so they went on for several days, weary and footsore, pausing occasionally to obtain food and to rest. Her money was gone. Her limbs were like lead. Every step she grew weaker and more faint.

She would hasten on while yet strength was left her, and implore the charity and assistance of the first person she should meet, if only for her child. But her limbs utterly failed her, and she sank upon the earth, while Ida wandered a few yards by the roadside. She rested but a brief time, and then impelled by fear of pursuit she arose, and, calling the little one to her side, resumed her walk forward. But, even in that brief interval, she seemed to have lost all the energy which had hitherto inspired her limbs; she dragged on feebly a few steps, then halted, then by dint of leaning on the various objects along the hedge-side, reached a corner, where a narrow lane, with green banks on either side, intersected the highway. She sank down slowly upon the turf, and, resting her head upon the hawthorn, felt steal over her that utter prostration which left her barely the strength to cry, feebly, "Lord, help my child! have mercy upon her!"

The poor child knelt beside her mother in an agony of grief and terror, and, with her arms about her neck, kissing, crying, and caressing, besought her "not to die and leave poor Idy all by herself." Feebly the poor woman returned the caress, and strove to whisper comfort to the baby companion of her sorrows; feebly moaned out a prayer for pardon for the error of her life, that had brought her and the darling of her soul to such a pass.

Then, just as a new sound broke the stillness of coming night, and the child uttered an exclamation, she lost all consciousness, and sank back wholly into the green bosom of the sweet hawthorn thicket.

The sound was the soft crunch of hoofs upon the loose surface of the narrow lane, down which was advancing a sleek and well-conditioned pony, at that easy amble which was evidently his accustomed pace, and which he was, apparently, not to be easily urged or induced to increase to any higher rate, though, at his own pace, he might be safely backed to go any given distance; the meditative mood, too, was habitual to him, his head forward, inclined eyes perusing the quality of the road, or, it might be, engaged in a curious calculation of the number of inches, rods, perches, &c., according to Walkingame.

Upon his back was seated an elderly woman, dressed in black, a white beaver hat upon her head, a large basket slung before her, and attached to the fore part of the saddle a lantern.

She, too, was sunk in thought: the pair, so far, agreed. Agreed, too, that simultaneously with the pony making a sudden halt, the dame cried "what's that?" and lifted up her lantern the better to answer her own question.

The *that* was a little girl, with pale face and streaming eyes, and long, black hair hanging wild about her face, her head uncovered, her dress tumbled, her hands stretched out towards the pony, and sobbing out some words, which, if that sagacious animal did comprehend, and had acted on, it was more than his rider did.

She was not, good woman, a believer in pucks and fairies, yet a more complete realization of one she had never seen spring, as it seemed, from the mossy bank of the hawthorn glade. But, fairy or human, the exhortation came natural enough from the amazed traveller of—

"What's the matter?"

"My mother! my mother! her's dead, her's dead," sobbed the little apparition, with a voice drowned in tears of genuine humanity, though the communication in itself was anything but encouraging, and changed the suspicion of pixy to that of a banshee.

"Where is she?" came next, naturally, too, from the dame, meanwhile deftly disengaging herself from her trappings and wrappings, and approaching the little figure.

"Where is she, my dear?" she repeated, as a touch of the cold little hand, and a gleam of the helpless, childish eyes, removed the last doubt of the creature's individuality.

The pony was left to his mathematical pursuits, apparently to his perfect satisfaction, by the wayside, while the dame followed Ida to where Nelly lay. She stooped over the senseless form a few minutes.

"She's not dead, my dear; she is only in a faint," said the old woman; "but, eh, dear! how white she is, and cold, too; what must we do? let me see." A very short interval of thought sufficed for decision.

The stranger gave a peculiar call, which was instantly recognized and obeyed by the pony with decorous deliberation; he came close to where she stood; then his mistress, lifting Nelly in her arms as easily as if she had been a child, deposited her safely on the seat she had herself occupied, wrapping the insensible woman round in her own warm overcoat. She then took the animal by the bridle, and giving the lantern to Ida, bidding her go on in front—for it was now quite dark—the little party set out at a somewhat quicker pace, which the pony adopted, in compliance with a hint from his mistress, evidently not without compunction at the disarrangement of his unsolved problem.

So they arrived, in a very short space of time, at what appeared to be a large mansion, by the glimpse afforded of heavy iron gates and a wide extent of wall; but they passed on, and arrived at a small door in the side of the edifice, at which the pony halted at once, and anticipated his mistress's knock by putting out his head, whereupon the door was opened by a pretty young maid, dressed also in black, with snow-white neckerchief and apron.

"Eh, sakes, mistress! whatever have you there?" she exclaimed.

The dame made no reply, but bade her come and help.

Together they carried the still insensible woman into the house, and, while the girl disburthened the pony, and led him to his stable—for a pony of so meditative a turn it should have been a study—the elder woman proceeded to minister to her afflicted charge.

In a few minutes Nelly opened her eyes upon a scene of light and warmth, and felt the genial touch of kindly hands; she put forth her arm, and raised her head, looking for her child, whom she found close at her side, and who hailed her mother's return to life with a joyful exclamation. Nelly essayed to speak, but her voice failed, her kind benefactress put her face down to her lips, and caught the words, while the poor woman's eyes wandered to her child.

"Pray give *her* something to eat."

Tears stood in the eyes of both the women: the younger had already set food before the little girl, but she had not even noticed it—had heard nor seen anything—fixed at her mother's side till she beheld her once more restored.

Now she could eat, and the eagerness with which she acceded to the request told how sadly she had needed it.

Then the two helped Nelly to a warm bed, and administered such light refreshment as she could take, and, in a very short time, the child was sleeping sweetly by her side.

The forlorn woman took the hand of her benefactress in her own and kissed it, while tears poured down—how long it was since last she shed them! from the fulness of her heart she blessed and thanked her.

"But you don't know what we are!" she said, feebly.

"Never mind, never mind all that," said the dame, kindly; "you are ill and in some trouble, I guess, and isn't that enough? oh, ay, I shall like to hear all about it, of course, of course! I'm a woman, you know, and of course I like to hear a tale, but another time, another time; now you go to sleep! see, the little one's asleep, already, bless her! and in the morning you'll be able to talk."

"God bless you," said the woman faintly, "am I safe?" she added, fearfully, and still scarce herself.

"*Safe!* of course you're safe; there's no one but us women in the place; but then the dogs are as good as a dozen men, and not half the trouble. Now, good night! go you to sleep, and never fear."

With those last words of comfort sounding in her ear the hunted woman slept. The night lamp burned dimly as she now and then opened her eyes half dozing, and thinking it a dream—all, was still through the house, and at last she slept.

But even in her slumber she was pursued by the waking dread. She was again upon the road—*he* was there, he had got Ida, was threatening her life, and she on her knees imploring, while he mocked her with that terrible voice.

She screamed, and awoke—the tone still sounding in her ears—she started up, it was no dream! *that was the voice of Saul Meghorn beneath the window.* To be continued.

* * *

## HOUSE MATES.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

There are surprisingly few persons with whom it is agreeable to live. Nobody suspects, until he calls the roll, and examines attentively each one as he or she comes to mind, how many of his friends he would rather be excused from having under the same roof with himself.

"No house is large enough to hold two families," was once said; and the remark is as true *now* as it was *then*. The trouble is, people are not angels; nor anywhere near like them, at present. We hope this won't always be so; but we shall have to wait sometime, if not longer, ere, *in this world*, people will all act upon each other as agreeably and harmoniously as a good bow in the hands of a good musician acts upon a good violin.

Ordinarily, a cat, a dog, or a canary bird, is a much more *uniformly* pleasing companion than a human being is. But *then* the human ones have their advantages over the others; and if you only *can* get into the house with you a congenial man or woman, nothing on the wide earth will ever make you so happy, so *comforted*.

But how hopeless is the task, or how hopeless it *seems;* not, perhaps, when you first undertake it; but by the time you have made about fifty attempts, and failed in them all, you will have arrived at the conclusion—that the price of people with whom it is agreeable to live is *far* above rubies, or diamonds even.

You are not supposed, you know, to be particularly hard to please, far from it; you are supposed to be extremely kind-hearted and good-natured, to be moderate, and just, and delicately regardful of all the rights and feelings of people with whom you associate; to be, in short, quite a favorite with all who know you, and considered by everybody as "a person with whom any one can get along."

But all your good qualities do not render it so easy for *you* to "get along" with *others;* that is, when brought into close and daily contact with them.

Setting aside the downright ugly and wilfully troublesome persons you may chance to know, *how many are there* even of "the better sort," with whom you would like to venture yourself for a three years' sojourn?

A and B are handsome and fascinating creatures; but you *know* that they have an undue share of Eve nature in them. They would open your private letters, if they got the opportunity. They would break the lock of your trunk in order to see how many garments you have there, could they do it secretly. You could *never* be easy, nor keep anything to yourself, with A or B in your house.

C has no such small curiosity; but he is very *forgetful*, and you might whistle for all you'd ever get out of him in payment for what he would be sure to borrow, break, and beg on your account, if he lived with you.

And so you may go on down to Z, and nearly every person will be black-ball'd before you get through. Not more than four out of the whole number will be persons whom you can heartily and unreservedly welcome to your home and *heart*, and those four you cannot have, perhaps not one of them.

Many persons have a positively irritating influence on you, not because of what they *do*, but because of what they *are;* others oppress you with a miserable sense of flatness and inward *goneness*, and you cannot get up your spirits until they are out of your sight. They may be spicy and interesting enough to some one, but to *you* they are fifty times worse than *nothing*.

What's the moral of all this?

That you are to live alone, or to have *very few* companions? Not at all; it is that you are to take people as they are, and *make the best of them.* Heaven is the only place for perfectly satisfactory intercourse of man with man.

* * *

**INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF ENJOYMENT.**—Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the recollection of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life, from having once made an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure; and it is most probably the recollection of their past pleasures which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed.

### A LITANY.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Spite of all my sad behavior,
Well I love Thee, O, my Saviour.

Well I love Thee, on Thee leaning,
Now I apprehend love's meaning—
Thy love, me from world-love weaning.

All life's sweet and bitter tasted;
All my warm soul odor wasted,
Slow to Thee, my hurt heart hasted.

Wasting treasure all unheeded,
Giving all where none was needed,
Well for me Thou interceded.

Let the woman's soul be shriven,
None can give this side of Heaven,
Unto me the love I've given.

Stained am I with earth pollution—
Drained the cup of retribution;
Give me Thy love's absolution.

Win me from the world's beguilement,
Save me from the world's defilement,
Fold me in Thy reconcilement!

By the grandeur of Thy teachings,
By Thy mercy, all need reaching,
By Thy last cry's sad beseeching,

By that prayer, "Forgive," still sounding
Down the ages, men confounding;
By Thine own love's cruel wounding,

Take the love my life is owing,
Take my being's overflowing,
Lest it wander in its going!

## A WILD BOAR HUNT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

While travelling, a number of years ago, through the State of Massachusetts, I stopped one cold, stormy night at a small country inn. The bar-room was pretty well filled with a class of sovereigns called loungers, who formed a semi-circle in front of a roaring fire, and seemed intent upon extracting the greatest possible amount of comfort from their agreeable and fortunate situation. They made room for me, however, with that peculiar deference with which strangers are generally greeted in respectable society; and though they did eye me furtively from head to foot, and from foot to head, and mentally "guess" and "calculate" who and what I might be, they behaved with great civility and put no rude questions.

A few minutes later, and while the landlord was gone to order my supper, another traveller entered, with whip and saddle-bags, and asked to have his horse attended to immediately. He was a man about thirty-five years of age, well-dressed, and had the air and manner of one who had been much about the world; and when, a few minutes later still, divested of his outer garments, he enlarged the crescent before the fire, and it was discovered that he only possessed an arm and a half, one having been amputated near the elbow, he at once became an object of such wonder and curiosity that I was thrown completely in the shade, and felt that I might now withdraw without even being noticed or missed.

For some time, however, no one ventured to be inquisitive; but I could tell, by looks, gestures and occasional whisperings, that curiosity was fast getting the better of diffidence; and at length one of the wondering group, sitting nearest the stranger, quietly lifted up his dangling sleeve and said:

"If you'll excuse me, mister, what might it have been?"

"Cloth!" returned the stranger, gravely and politely.

The man looked a little foolish, and his companions stared.

"I guess you mistake," said the speaker, tapping his arm. "I meant how this here was done—what did it, that is?"

"A tailor did it, but I am not acquainted with the art," politely returned the stranger, without any change of countenance, though I fancied there was the very slightest twinkle of his gray eye, as for an instant he fixed it upon me.

"You don't understand me yet," persisted the questioner. "What I want to get at is, if I aint too bold, to know how you came to lose your arm?"

"Oh, yes, I see—I beg your pardon!" blandly smiled the stranger. "It was amputated."

"What for, if I may ask?"

"To save the remainder of the arm—the part that you see is left."

"Yes, yes, I understand all that," pursued the interrogator, in a tone of slight vexation; "but what I want to get at is, if I may make so free, to know what accident happened to your arm to make it necessary for the doctor to cut it off?"

"I beg your pardon again!" rejoined the stranger, politely; "now I do think I comprehend you; and I hasten to inform you that it was crushed in the jaws of a Wild Boar, in one of the provinces of Algeria, in the northern part of Africa, on the twenty-third day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ——. Well, suppose we leave the year blank!"

Of course this announcement set the whole party agape with greatly increased wonder and curiosity; and I confess the stranger rose much in importance in my eyes, and I really felt as eager as the "best Yankee of them all" to hear him relate the story of his perilous adventure in a foreign land. A half dozen voices, the landlord's among them, eagerly but politely asked for the narration, and the stranger as politely informed them that after supper he should be happy to contribute anything in his power for their amusement and entertainment.

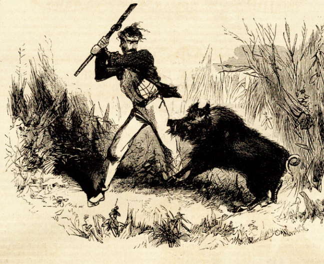
After supper, sure enough, he redeemed his promise; and I now give his story in as nearly his own language as I can remember it after a lapse of so many years.

"Hunting the wild boar in Algeria," he began, "was a favorite sport of several of the officers of the French Army of Occupation at the time of my visit to that country; and having been often invited to take a part in the exciting chase, I one day unfortunately consented to try my skill on a field of operations for which I was as little fitted as I would be for following an Indian trail in the backwoods of the Great West.

"Our party consisted of six Frenchmen, myself, and ten natives, making seventeen in all; and being well mounted and equipped, we set out about midnight for the field of sport, distant some leagues, and which we were to reach before daylight, in order to cut off the retreat of the animals it was our intention to slaughter.

"That you may get a clear idea of our mode of hunting, I will state that from the base of many wild and romantic hills in Algeria, there are broad, open plains stretching away, on almost a dead level, for several miles, some of these containing small swamps, and little ponds of water with reedy islands in the centre. The wild hogs, of which there were immense numbers in the country at that time, have their retreats or lairs in the dense forests, where, owing to the rocks, brush, fallen trees, and uneven, hilly ground, they cannot be pursued on horseback without great danger to the riders; but in order to get at the green grass and water of these plains, especially in the spring of the year, they leave the woods in the night and venture far out upon the level, open ground, returning to their covers at the first streak of day; and to intercept and turn them back upon the plain, and then follow on horseback, with dogs, and shoot them down, or spear them, becomes one of the most exciting sports of the hunter's life.

"About an hour before daylight we reached the borders of one of these plains, and were there joined by another party of natives, who had been invited to meet us; and stretching out our line, with as wide a space between each as was thought judicious, we waited in anxious silence the appearance of the game. As it was my first attempt at hunting the wild boar, I must own I felt a good deal of nervous excitement; and had I even dreamed of the fearful result, I should then have withdrawn from the chase, at the risk of being laughed at for my timid prudence.



"I had not been at my post more than fifteen or twenty minutes, when, with the first faint gray of morning, I beheld several small, dark, moving spots far out upon the plain; and almost at the same instant a wild shout ran along the line, the dogs were unleashed and went off with yelps, and the horsemen generally followed in exciting confusion, myself among the most eager of the number.

It scarcely took us a minute to meet the foremost of the returning boars; and then, amid the wildest yelps and yells, we commenced firing into them in the greatest confusion—each man shooting where, when, and in what manner he pleased—so that for a time the risk became almost as great for the hunters as the hunted. Carried away by the excitement attending this celebrated sport, I never thought of danger to myself, at least from my companions, till a ball passed so close to my head that I instinctively dodged it, and I heard a cry the next moment that one of the natives was wounded. This cooled down my ardor a little, and caused me to withdraw far enough to see how the battle was going.

"And like a field of battle the plain indeed seemed, as seen in the dim light of morning, with a fiercely excited party of men rushing to and fro, without any regularity, and constantly shouting, yelling, and firing in every direction, to the right and left, before and behind, and leaving here and there a dead or dying object in their tracks, which a little fancy could easily convert into a human enemy. Nor were the wild hogs all dying tamely and like cowards. At the first fierce onset, they were terribly alarmed of course, and sought to escape by turning back upon the plain; but finding themselves still assailed by men, horses and dogs, they in many instances turned at bay, and then wo to whatever animal came within reach of their huge jaws and monstrous tusks! Already, in a fight that had lasted only a few minutes, three men had narrowly escaped death, two horses had been withdrawn badly wounded, and no less than seven valuable dogs lay ripped open and stretched out in bloody state.

"I have no idea how many hogs there were upon that plain within reach of my vision on that eventful morning; but as the light brightened and rolled in from the east, sweeping away the dim shadows, I could see them thickly in every direction, some stopping to snuff the tainted air and consider what to do, some making rapidly for the woods in the very face of their enemies, some running to the nearest swamp or island, and others turning back and scampering over the level in every direction, apparently with no purpose in view, except to escape assault and death. And all the time—here, there, and yonder—flew men, horses and dogs, to engage in the general slaughter; and shouts, yells, yelps, laughter, and almost constant reports of fire-arms, swelled out clearly upon the still air, and rendered it one of the most exciting scenes I have ever witnessed.

"Of course it was not in human nature for one to remain idle any length of time under such circumstances; and having reloaded my two-barrelled rifle, which I had already fired twice, I hardly know with what effect, I resolved to again become a participant in the chase; but as there were animals sufficient to let every one take his choice, without coming near enough to his careless neighbor to endanger his life, I determined on a bold stroke afar out on the plain, where, if I should be successful, I could at least boast the slaughtered game as my own.

"Calling to a couple of dogs that chanced to be passing me, I put spurs to my horse and shot away like the wind; nor did I again draw rein till I found myself bearing hard down upon a huge old boar, with enormous tusks, that was deliberately making his way toward a small, reedy island, some quarter of a mile distant. From the moment I laid my eyes on him, I was determined the old fellow should be my property, and with him I would retire from the field, satisfied of having done enough for a novice; and speaking to the dogs, which still kept me company, I set them on, and prepared myself to take advantage of a favorable moment to send a ball through his heart or brain.

"He proved to be a very independent old fellow, this choice of mine; and when the two dogs rushed up to him, barking and biting, he took no notice of them whatever, but continued to trot steadily forward toward the cover, looking neither to the right nor left.

"'Well, my fine fellow,' muttered I, 'if you don't think it proper to pay any attention to my living messengers, suppose I try you with a leaden one!' and running my horse past him, and then halting till I could get a fair broadside shot, I gave him the contents of both barrels.

"At first he did not seem disposed to mind even this, but kept on, with a peculiar grunt, until I should have been doubtful of my aim had I not seen the blood trickling down his side. I could do nothing more till I could reload my piece, and meantime I feared he would reach the cover and escape; but suddenly, to my surprise, he quickly wheeled upon the annoying dogs, caught one somewhere about the belly, and ripped him open, and laid him quivering upon the earth at his feet in less time than it takes me, to tell you of the fact. With a yelp and a howl, the other sagacious dog put his tail between his legs and made the swiftest tracks possible over the plain, leaving the wounded boar and myself to fight it out. I own I felt a little timid just then; and had the ugly brute—who now quietly turned and faced me, with a sullen, lowering look—only made a sudden dash at me, I think it quite probable I should to some extent have imitated the example of the dog and left him a clear field.

"But I believed, from his appearance, he was badly wounded by my first fire, and would now become an easy prey; and elated with the thought of victory, I hastily rammed home the two balls and put on the two caps, keeping my eye anxiously fixed upon him the whole time. Just as I had finished loading, my attention was attracted to two horsemen, who were rapidly bearing down toward me, and fearing they would come up in time to rob me of the honor of securing my prize alone, I acted with injudicious haste, and, boldly riding up within a few feet of the wounded and dangerous animal, I drew up, took a quick aim, and fired both balls at his head.

"Ere the smoke had time to clear away and permit me to witness the result, I heard a sort of fierce, howling grunt, my horse suddenly reared, with a wild snort and cry of pain, and, losing my balance, I fell to the ground, conscious only that the maddened boar had made a terrible attack upon me, and that my life was in the most imminent danger.

"As I staggered to my feet, clutching and clubbing my rifle, my horse broke away and ran off, and then the wild, savage brute, with his bleeding head and foaming mouth turned upon me. I struck with all my might, but the blow seemed to produce no effect, and the next moment I was down beneath the feet of the monster, and the bones of my left arm were being crushed in his huge jaws.

"I remember no more of the terrible affair, for the excessive pain deprived me of my senses, but I subsequently learned that I owed my life to the two horsemen whom I had seen approaching, and who, reaching me at the critical juncture of which I have spoken, shot the animal dead over my body.

"I only need to add, gentlemen," concluded the narrator, glancing around upon his excited listeners, "that my arm was amputated in a French hospital, where I remained an invalid for several months, vowing never again to try my inferior skill upon a dangerous wild boar."

### WHERE ARE THEY?

I am told that there are people who always speak the truth; and yet they have not been caged by any showman for exhibition. I flatter myself I am gradually approaching that state of perfection myself. That I don't jump at it all at once, is a proof of my sagacity in discerning, that I may possibly carry more converts with me by schooling myself to count my steps as I go along. Alas! a good Providence only knows my inward chafing at the humbugs society endorses, and christens "politeness." Still I can "smile and be a villain," like the rest who tell such steep fibs, while they declare sincerity to be the gem they prize above every earthly good. Some day, I fear me, I shall suddenly drop this snake-skin of custom and astonish somebody with my long pent-up disgust. I shall certainly tell some simpering idiot, that she *is* a simpering idiot, and that I will have none of her. I shall ask some "minister" how he dare preach so sleepily, if he *really* believes perdition to be yawning for his hearers. I shall ask doctors why they never prescribe physic for *their own* families when sick. I shall ask teachers why they are so very careful of the minds and manners of their *rich* pupils. I shall request two women, whom I see kissing each other, to look in the glass and see a couple of hypocrites, compared to whom Judas was a seraph. I shall ask shopkeepers why a "poor but honest" woman, who comes in to buy a sixpenny calico, is not entitled to treatment as respectful as the lady whose carriage and liveried servants stand at the door. I shall inquire why wretched outcast females are pounced upon by the strong arm of the law, while well-dressed gamblers stand basking, day after day, on sunny street-corners, watching for their victims, unmolested; and, very likely, I shall ask somebody, who says that they "never saw me looking better," why they don't tell me something that I don't already know!

FANNY FERN.

### MARRIED LIFE.

Oh ye husbands and wives, deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life—a small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together, and sit idle. "Laziness is the devil's cushion." Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well-pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Spare, as one may say, fuel for winter. Consider, ye daughters, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to intrust the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating-room. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this! And you, ye sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

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IT is useless to look forward to a future state of prosperity, if the present be not occupied towards laying the foundation of it. Many cling to a distant hope, and reject a progressive certainty.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

KOON.—The Red Sea does not derive its name from the color of its water, which is quite clear and limpid. Bruce, the celebrated traveler, thought that the name was derived from the great quantities of coral found in this sea. It receives its name, however, from the kingdom of Edom, lying along its borders. The word Edom signifies *red*, and the sea of Edom therefore signifies the Red Sea. The Dead Sea derives its name from the general desolation which reigns within and around it. There is no vegetation in its vicinity, and nothing possessing life exists in its waters. It is an erroneous idea that birds flying over it are fatally affected by its exhalations. The water itself is dull and sluggish, and when applied to the tongue has a sharp, acid-like taste. This sea has no visible outlet.

F. M.—You should not permit any man to monopolize your company, and "give out to your friends that you are engaged," who has never spoken to you of love or marriage.

M. A. S.—A gentleman, who is riding in an omnibus, should *not* pay the fare of a lady acquaintance who happens to get into the same vehicle with him. Such a proceeding on his part would be apt to mortify her exceedingly.

HARVARD.—Las Casas, who accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena, and wrote the journal of his conversations with the Emperor, returned to France after the death of Napoleon. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies in the early part of the reign of Louis Philippe, and died in 1842.

MECCA.—This correspondent desires some information with reference to the "*Caaba*," or "Black Stone at Mecca." He asks, "Where did the Mahometans procure it; what peculiar properties or virtues do they attribute to it; and under what superstitious belief are they so scrupulous in kissing a mere stone?" The *Caaba* was in the possession of the Arabs long before the advent of Mahomet, and the true account of its origin is now lost. The Mahometan tradition is, that it was originally the guardian angel of Adam and Eve, while they were in the state of innocence. At their fall, however, the angel was changed into this stone, and cast forth from the garden as a punishment for not being more watchful, and preventing the approach of Satan. The stone, according to the legend, was subsequently taken by Abraham and Ishmael, and placed in its present position at Mecca. The Mahometans affirm that when first placed there, it was a jacinth of dazzling whiteness, but has become blackened by the kisses of sinful mortals. They firmly believe that, at the final judgment day, this stone will regain its angelic form, and stand forth to testify to God as to who have proved themselves true followers of the Prophet, by faithfully performing the rites of pilgrimage, and by kissing the Caaba.

A MOTHER wishes to know if it is right for a school-teacher to strike a child who is attending his school. This is a question which cannot properly be answered by a mere yes or no, any more than could the question, "Is it right for an officer to kill a prisoner who is trying to escape from his custody?" be so answered. As a general rule, either question would be answered in the negative, but circumstances *might* arise which would render it necessary to answer each of them in the affirmative. We have no hesitation in saying, however, that a teacher who should be so incompetent to discharge the duties of his station, as *to permit* circumstances to arise which would render it necessary for him to strike a child, in order to maintain his authority, ought to be compelled to seek a livelihood in some less responsible vocation. We do not believe in allowing school teachers to beat children entrusted to their charge.

M. W. says, that she has an only brother, who is his mother's pet, is allowed free use of money, and permitted to roam the streets all day, and sometimes until late in the evening. M. W. fears that this petted brother will go to ruin, and she wants to know what she can do to save him. We really do not know what advice to give this affectionate and sensible sister, unless it be that she should try to interest her brother in some course of reading, or in some occupation, which would have sufficient attraction to win him from the dangerous path which he is now unthinkingly treading. In addition to this it would be well for her to arouse her mother's fears, by pointing out the ruin to which her favorite son is fast hurrying by reason of her thoughtless indulgence.

W. L.—This correspondent, who is a young lady, says she wants to know, for the benefit of a very dear friend, "how a lady can discover whether a gentleman, whom she loves, loves her." Many ways of accomplishing this object might be suggested, only that a lady, who is at a loss in such a case, would be apt to spoil them in the execution. One thing is pretty certain, namely, a man, who is really in love, will manage, in some way or other, to make the object of his affection aware of the fact; and men who do not voluntarily come up to the mark, in this respect, should be let alone by the girls. At all events, young ladies should be exceedingly cautious how they take the initiative in these delicate matters.

BALTIMORE.—Your conduct was that of a man and a gentleman. While, on the one hand, it is wrong to submit to injuries that can be lawfully redressed, it is silly and vulgar to take offence at every little slight. The young man, in leaving you out of the game, intended, no doubt, to put a slight upon you, and, perhaps, to pick a quarrel with you. By not noticing the petty insult, and entering with zest into the pleasures of the evening, you did exactly right, and showed genuine good breeding. You also had the satisfaction of balking and disappointing your adversary.

SCHOLAR.—Your teacher was correct in saying that piracy was once a lawful and honorable pursuit. Among the Grecian states it was openly pursued against other nations, and even among their own cities and states they recognized no moral obligations to respect the property of each other. In those days there was no system of international law, and the strong arm of superior power appropriated whatever it could seize, regardless of right or justice.

1776.—The old question, repeated by you, as to which was the greater man, Washington or Napoleon, is to our mind no question at all. Napoleon was, we think, the greatest soldier that ever lived; greater than Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, Marlborough, Frederick, or Wellington. We cannot think him, however, a greater *man*, nor worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with Washington.

AMY M.—Consult your own heart and see what your sentiments are toward the person to whom you refer. If he is but "an old and intimate acquaintance," and mere friendship is the only bond between you, you should not correspond with, or receive presents from, him. You will show yourself a truer friend by frankly telling him what you think than by permitting him to entertain hopes which cannot be realized.

CLERK.—Get some good, reliable, descriptive list of genuine bank notes, and study it faithfully. Having a knowledge of genuine notes, observe the difference between them and their counterfeits. The paper of counterfeit bills is generally poorer, and the work not so well executed, as in the genuine.

R. H.—You did wrong in running away from home, and the fear of a flogging should not prevent your return. If you do not return, experience will probably flog you much more severely than your step-father would—especially as you say that he "is, in the main, a kind-hearted man."

HOPEFUL.—The first requisite for interesting conversation is that the parties concerned in it should have something interesting to say. Read, study, observe and think, if you desire to please in conversation. It is as true with regard to the art of conversation as with every other art, that practice makes perfect.

P. M.—Of course a gentleman should not bow on meeting a lady in the street with whom he is not personally acquainted.

G. M. C. writes to us as follows: "A young girl in this town has encouraged me to believe that she liked me better than she did anybody else in the world, and in that way she got me to like her better than I did anybody else in the world. And so, having made a sure thing of me, she now turns round, and behaves toward me as cold as an iceberg. I don't know what she means by this, although I have tried hard to find out. What I want to know is this: haven't I a right to an explanation? I also want to know, in case I should demand an explanation, and she should refuse to give it to me, what course I ought to pursue. And there is one other thing I would like to know, and that is, if girls are to be allowed to win devoted hearts in this way, and when they have made them all their own, to then throw them away, and trample them in the dust like worthless things?" You are certainly entitled to an explanation from the young lady to whom you refer, in regard to her frigid treatment of you, after having, as you say, "made a sure thing of you." If, on being asked for an explanation, she refuses to give one, the only thing you can do will be to try your hand at an explanation yourself. As to the girls' right "to win devoted hearts" in this way, &c., we must say that we know of no constitutional or statutory authority which permits them thus to gratify their innate feline propensities. But what do they care about right or justice in such matters!

MILLY.—This correspondent writes, "There is a gentleman who visits me, and I think he likes me very much, and I like him. He is often very melancholy and sometimes cross, and with all the coaxing I can do, will not be agreeable. I wish to know what I can do to help this; please suggest something that will not be apt to be disagreeable to him, as he is very sensitive and easily offended." It is impossible for us to prescribe for this melancholy and cross gentleman. It strikes us that he is an ill-mannered and selfish person, and that he takes advantage of your good nature and unselfish disposition. How to teach him better manners we do not know, unless it be done with "briars and thorns of the wilderness," as Gideon "taught the men of Succoth," when they behaved improperly on a certain occasion.

SARAH.—Where intermeddling relatives have succeeded in estranging a man from the young lady to whom he was engaged, by slandering her to him, she should, on learning what has occurred, at once take measures to place her lover in possession of all the facts of the case, and then leave him to do what may seem good in his sight. It seems to us that no true-hearted man would give credence to reports against the character of a woman whom he truly loved, and seek to break an engagement with her, without first taking counsel with her, and giving her an opportunity to vindicate herself.

B. J.—We are inclined to think that your conceit has led you into error in regard to the two young ladies to whom you refer. No man of refined feelings, or good taste, or of true manliness of character, would boast that he can marry either of two ladies, who have been in the habit of treating him with friendliness and hospitality. It is certain that you do not truly love either of the young ladies with sufficient singleness of heart to warrant you in marrying her, else you would have no difficulty in coming to a decision in regard to the matter, without seeking the aid of strangers.

C. C. C. asks, "If a gentleman should be asked by another young gentleman to call with him and *see the ladies*, when he is not intimately acquainted with them, is it proper for him to go, and how long should he stay?" No "*gentleman*" ever asks another gentleman to call and see ladies with him, without first having asked leave of the ladies to introduce his friend. It is a great impertinence in any young man to take such a liberty; and the "ladies" would act perfectly right in telling him so, if he didn't know any better.

K. N.—We have received scores of "solutions" of the enigma published in the LEDGER of April 20th. Thus far, the majority think the answer is "a feather," including the broadest and most various attributes of that article, from the almost imponderable down that floats upon the zephyr's breath, up to the pen, and to the costly plumes wherewith beauty seeks to highten its charms. Some think it is "electricity;" others vote for "light;" and air, love, hate, time, death, and many other "solutions," have their partisans.

TERRE HAUTE.—"I am a young girl," writes this correspondent, "just out of school. My friends want me to marry a young widower with two children. I like him, but cannot feel willing to undertake the responsibility of the children." *Then don't do it*, not even though "friends urge it." It needs an angel's love and pitying forbearance to fill such an office, which, *even with the very best intentions, has seldom been filled to the satisfaction of all parties.*

CARPENTER says, "I asked a lady to go to church with me one evening, and she replied that she could not leave home, because her *mother* wished to go to church; and after telling me this, she left the parlor, and going out through a back door, went to church with another gentleman. What shall I do?" You can do nothing, of course, after receiving so significant a hint, but make that call upon her your last.

C. W.—A gallant wooer should not stop to ask "What shall I do?" on learning that "another fellow is also paying attention to the girl." On learning such an astounding fact, he should at once redouble his attentions to the angelic object of the competition, and so outshine his rival in everything appertaining to the art of wooing, as not to leave him the slightest possible chance to gain a lodgment in the young lady's affections.

GUSTIN.—You have no business to address a young school-girl, with whose family you are unacquainted, upon the subject of love and matrimony, nor would you have a right so to address her were you ever so well acquainted with her family. You should leave her to her studies. Neither you nor she possess sufficient intelligence, or maturity of character, to justify you in dabbling in matters appertaining to the most important relation of life.

E. H.—It would hardly be proper for a young lady, in the street, to address a strange gentleman, for the purpose of ascertaining the time of day, even though such information might be of pressing importance to her. It would be much better for her to ask the time of one of her own sex, or to step into a store or shop for the purpose of making such inquiry.

YANKEE informs us that three young men went to the house of an old gentleman to meet some ladies and spend the evening, and that while there one of the gentlemen accidentally broke the parlor looking-glass. Hence the following question: "Should *he* pay for it, or the whole three?" We think the person who broke the looking-glass should pay for it without any grumbling.

NELLIE R.—Yes, there *is* a great impropriety in a young girl's answering matrimonial advertisements. None but a scoundrel ever resorts to that means of making a lady's acquaintance. An honorable man can always have the society of modest, virtuous woman without advertising for it; and he can never get into the society of modest and virtuous women *by* advertising for it.

MOVEVANY.—"Shall I leave a good old home," asks this correspondent, "where I have every thing to make me happy, and marry a worthy good girl, whom I like, and whose counterpart I can never find, if I lose her?" Yes; why not? There would be few marriages if old homesteads were not left for new ones.

PRAIRIE CITY.—Your parents have no right to desire you to marry one man, while you prefer another. On the other hand, you have no right to marry against their wishes and commands, while you are so young. After you become of age, you can properly marry to suit yourself, no matter who opposes your choice.

JULIA.—You certainly ought not to continue to go with a gentleman who always leaves your society if he sees any other ladies he likes better. Why should you subject yourself to such humiliation from a man who has so little idea of what constitutes a gentleman?

J. S. T. wants to know if we would call a lady who speaks French, and English, and German, an educated person. Not for that reason alone; and not unless she were intelligent, and knew how to make such knowledge available in an unostentatious and sensible manner.

WOMAN IN TROUBLE.—A woman deserted by her husband for eight years is entitled to a divorce in nearly all the States. In so clear a case as yours, it ought not to be necessary to pay much to a lawyer. Apply to the nearest magistrate for direction how to proceed.

DISPUTANT.—Certainly; oil or any other substance can be analyzed by a chemist, and all its component parts ascertained. The process varies with the article analyzed.

RICHMOND.—The rule is invariable that no insult, however aggravated, is to be noticed in the presence of ladies. If you cannot control your anger, leave the room.

HONESTY.—Of course it is unfair, and perhaps some would consider it dishonest, for a clerk to charge a customer more than the ordinary selling price for an article.

ROSE.—You complain of your complexion, and ask if the use of arsenic "would really, as they say, improve it?" No; but it would soon kill you.

B. M.—You should give a lady with whom you are walking whichever arm will place her on the *inside* of the promenade.

L. L.—A gentleman should sit on the same side of the table at a hotel with ladies under his charge.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*